

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME XXXI.

No. 3227 May 12, 1906.

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Vol. CXLVIV.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,
6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*, to any part of the U. S. or Canada.

Postage to *foreign countries* in U. P. U. is 3 cents per copy or \$1.56 per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express, and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

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THE EARLY STARS.

The slender alders by the stream
Are veiled in leafage faint and fine,
Frail as the fabric of a dream,
And all about the grasses gleam
The gilt stars of the celandine.

Once on a day—how long ago!—
Deep in the grass we saw them shine,
Beside this selfsame streamlet's flow,
While sweet birds fluted high and low,
The gilt stars of the celandine.

Beneath the trees, beside the stream,
Fair as of old we see them shine—
Dear, might we dream the selfsame
dream,
Were youth once more but yours and
mine!—
Evangels from the Past they seem,
The gilt stars of the celandine.

Rosamund Marriott Watson.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

A BOON.

When the great Angel of the silent
face
Shall summon me to pass the sunset
gate,
Dear God, I ask of Thee one crowning
grace,
One perfect reconciliation with my
fate.

So many tender miracles of love
Thy seeing care hath shed on all my
way
I cannot fear the boon I crave shall
prove
So fair, so human, that Thou'lt say
me nay.

Send then, O Father (like a child I'll
speak,
Thou knowest all my foolish trem-
bling heart),
One dear, most human Spirit me to
seek
And hold my hand as once when,
bidding part

The roaring traffic of the street, where
lost
In doubts I lingered on the further
side,

He through the turmoil straight se-
renely cross'd
And smiling led me where I fain
would bide.

Thy mighty Angel, Lord, is wise and
kind;
Thy courts are burning with excess
of light;
Thy saints and meek-eyed souls await
the blind
And dazzled palmer breaking through
earth's night;

And yet, O Lord, that rapture pitched
so high,
Those hundred meetings far too deep
for tears,
That Angel, mute, august—ah! still
am I
Too human not to sink, weighed down
by fears,

Unless my boon Thou grant, and in his
stead
I, turning, see that spirit free and
gay,
And in his eyes that smile, as by him
led
Across the verge, he charms my fears
away

Who knows, to make it bearable, I
need
That touch of humor so akin to pain
And lowliness that Thou therein canst
read
The wonder of Thy sunshine after
rain.

It sweeps in saints and angels in its
gleam
And yet Thou art not vex'd, for
there is here
A child's sound love, whose father bids
it dream
And laugh in happy negligence of
fear.

And so upon the verge, sweeter than
sleep,
Shall come once more the rest his
soul brought mine;
Its other side was tenderness so deep,
So deep, it could not but be born of
Thine.

Dorothea Hollins.
The Speaker.

THE INSULARITY OF THE ENGLISH.

A COLONIAL VIEW.

To a Colonial, on a voyage of exploration among the elder civilizations of the globe, nothing offers a more fascinating interest than a study of the surviving racial characteristics of the English stock from which we, the newer English, have sprung. And three years' careful investigation into the national tendencies and prejudices of the present-day Englishman has led to the writer's conclusion that the Englishman of the centre and the Englishman of the outside are sundered by rapidly diverging racial instincts. In other words, the writer cannot place in one mental pigeon-hole such diverse types as the Australian, the New Zealander, and the Englishman. Starting from a common stock, the newer peoples have diverged in widely different directions. The Englishman, to a surprising degree, has retained his deep-rooted national bias. He has kept his unperturbed path without a glance at the wider country ranged over by his younger companions. He has not even progressed by parallel routes; he has simply stayed at home. It is this racial conservatism, this dignified imperviousness to change, that seems the most abiding characteristic of the English. None of us in the Colonies have ever given the Englishman credit for his astonishing aptitude for staying at home. The "expansion of England," as Richard Jebb has so admirably pointed out, is but a misnomer.

Time is already proving that the expansion has been racial, not national, heralding the birth of separate nations, not the enlargement of the old nation; while the dominant influence is not the unifying consciousness of a common nationality, but the centrifugal im-

petus generated by a sentiment of national distinctiveness.¹

Here, in the cleaner New Zealand air, beneath brighter southern skies, it is possible for a returned Colonial to clarify his muddy impressions of his sojourn in the North. Here, surrounded by the bustling energy, the youthful enthusiasm of a nation new to manhood, it is possible for me to see the Englishman from the outside, to attempt a Colonial conception of the Englishman who stayed at home. And I see him clear, distinct from us in outlook, in aspirations, in soul; and in the final summing-up I see the Englishman as an obstacle—nay, the one great danger—in the path of any possible scheme of Imperial alliance. He has stayed too much at home. Too long a residence on a tiny archipelago has atrophied many mental qualities necessary for alliances with other nations; he has, to a large extent, lost the power of allowing for other points of view; above all, his undisturbed insular seclusion for so many centuries of peace has left him disinclined for, if not quite incapable of, any form of co-operation. And it is the racial ability to co-operate, the power to form equitable and mutually sacrificing partnerships, that is the first necessity for the formation of any stable federation. The Englishman's coast-bound mind must now of necessity deal with world-wide interests. Is the race capable of the immense mental wrench that must be made before, from a scattered group of self-governing nationalist States, an empire may be built? As far as the writer has been able to discover, the question of co-operation, or the possibility of sacrifice, has never entered into the Englishman's conception of

¹ "Studies in Colonial Nationalism," by Richard Jebb.

Imperial federation. Among all classes the only conception of Imperialism seemed the long-obsolete picture of a gracious Mother Country, the predominant partner, lapped in the "royalty" (to herself) of her innumerable and immense "possessions." Instead of Imperialism the writer found insularity.

For the present, in colonial questions, patronizing paternalism, unmitigated by the sympathy either of knowledge or of intuition, remains the frequent vice of British Imperialism. . . . The conception of "closer union" underlying the vague utterances of ministerial spokesmen during the past decade seems to be conservative and anti-national—conservative, because it clings instinctively to the antiquated forms of colonial dependence; and anti-national, because those forms are an obstacle to the healthy aspirations of national sentiment. It seeks to perpetuate colonial conditions which are undesirable in themselves and only temporary in any case; and deplores the manifestation of that independent national consciousness which modern history recognizes as a permanent and energizing force.²

It seems, in considering the nationalist development of the various sections of the British Empire, as if racial instincts were fluid things compared to the overpowering moulding force of environment. A little thing like a continual flood of sunshine and a large thing like an unoccupied continent have combined to create from the dour, stolid, pertinacious stock of the parent race the swift-minded, light-hearted, cynical, languid Australian. Put the same racial stock in a summer land of the South, swept by the ozone-burdened breezes of the Pacific, give it freedom

² Richard Jebb.

³ An Englishman, so long resident in the Colonies as to have become a Colonial, whose conviction is that the English stock is steadily growing mentally duller, suggests the theory that the Anglo-Saxon needs a change of environment to display to their full effectiveness his racial abilities. He points out that the Saxon who stayed at home—in Saxony—has

to develop beneath blue, rain-washed skies, and within two generations a new race emerges—the Maorilander—taller, sturdier, prouder, healthier, more aggressive, inspired by a national patriotism almost Japanese. The ruddy, ponderously-built Englishman, product of centuries of meat-feeding, has already been thinned down, lengthened, strung out into the tall, slouching, pallid Australian, or the browner, shrewd-eyed, lean-faced Maorilander. The heavy jowl of the Englishman melts and thins away into the keen, Colonial physiognomy, with its thin, straight lips, its dominant nose, its lack of every superfluous atom of flesh.

To the making of the Englishman have gone two great forces—a remarkable mixture of races and his unique geographical position; for in these lagging days of peace it is sometimes overlooked that England has been conquered and overrun more than once. Indeed, from the incursion of Norseman and Roman and Norman the sturdy basic characteristics of the English have emerged revivified and triumphant. It apparently needs a mixture of the outsider to keep the English blood from becoming stagnant. But England has of late been so long shut in upon itself that we need scarcely be surprised at the outcry against degeneration. England has been inbreeding too long. And, to the Colonial mind, it is to this racial isolation that is due the general level of almost intolerable dullness that lies like a fog over all England—dullness of outlook, dullness of mind, dullness of life, dullness, even, of amusement and immorality.³

been eclipsed by that hardy vanguard of the race who emigrated to England. He sees a similar race eclipse of the remnant who refuse to leave England. He suggests the analogy of a cart-horse mated with a mare of pedigree—the marriage of the Anglo-Saxon with the Celts he has conquered, and with the Normans who conquered him. But after all these centuries of inbreeding the finer points

The other factor, his geographical position, calls first to mind the English climate. To a healthy, sun-bred Colonial it is ever an abiding wonder how in such an environment the race should have survived. I have heard more than once from visiting Colonials surprise expressed that the English had not centuries ago bodily migrated from a land so inhospitable. The truth seems to be that the English winter has long ago weeded out all but the hardiest specimens of the race. It is a survival of the fittest—the fittest to exist in a fog. The mental outlook and equipment of the race have been necessarily much emaciated by such a severe and long-continued experience. Puritanism and the English Sunday are apparently directly traceable to lack of sunlight. (In Australia winter is a time of cloudless skies, of brilliant sunlight, of cool nights, of the blossoming of camellias. The word "winter" in Australia has in it no hint of greyness, no horror of fog.) Three London winters would kill a healthy Queenslander.

But though his climate has dulled and dimmed his life, it is purely his insular position that has kept the Englishman so immovably within his racial grooves. For many centuries now his development has gone on within the limits of his tiny archipelago untroubled, unchecked. No invasion has come to bring him into contact with the world outside. His many wars go on at distances inconceivably great from his beaches. War to him seems but a riskier kind of sport, played on some other fellow's private property. Not even a revolution has broken into flame to show him

of the pedigree mare have been submerged in the imperturbable racial qualities of the stolid Anglo-Saxon cart-horse. The English race is by now all cart-horse. Thus, in its economic aspect, the inrush of the aliens into England is to be deplored; while, considered from an ethnological point of view, such an

himself naked in its glare. In his little walled garden he strolls yet as Pepys strolled; the world may bustle on; complacently he lets it go. The astonishing thing to a visiting Colonial, familiar with the conditions under which the race has evolved is that they shouldn't all be Little Englanders. And, the fact should in justice be recorded, here and there I have found embryo Imperialists.

The insularity of the Englishman permeates his entire mental outfit. Compared with the Colonial, he has but the most rudimentary idea of the meaning of travel. He is still in that earlier evolutionary stage when life was a vegetable rooted to one spot. The Australian, being given a continent, finds it too small for his restless needs. In England it is a matter of pride for a man to remain all his life in one county; and in England a motor will take you through half-a-dozen counties in a day. The limpet type of servant is regarded with affection, almost with admiration. In the Colonies for a man to remain a lifetime in one employer's service argues some flaw in ability or energy or ambition.

In the matter of speech, too, the insularity of the English is most clearly appreciable. England, small as it is, is a perfect hotch-potch of polyglotism. This survival of lagging dialects, even the perpetuation, in out-of-the-way corners, of forgotten languages, would be a thing that any intelligent colony would discourage as a source of national weakness.* But the Englishman takes an absurd pride in the perpetuation of such hindrances to communication. The cultured man from Somerset is openly arrogant over the fact that

infusion of other racial qualities will supply a strain that might in the end lift a little the racial dullness with which isolated England England is at present beclouded.

* In Canada the disruptive potentialities of its two languages are fully realized.

his villagers are unable to pronounce modern English. And the Australian, who throughout the immense area of his continent speaks the same tongue, with the same slow broadening of the vowels, is not even proud of his drawl, and listens humbly when the Englishman of the many dialects lectures him on his shocking accent! In Australia or New Zealand a man who spoke in a dialect would be regarded as uneducated.

The fundamental difference, however, between the Englishman who stayed at home and the Englishman who didn't lies in the stupendous system by which the Oxford man is still produced. In the Colonies the schools are little more than teaching institutions. The tremendous cult of sport, the almost sacerdotal ritual of athletics, are in the newer nations almost unknown. The Colonial boy plays games because he likes games. It is not necessary, as it seems to be in England, to make an official fetish of games. The Colonial needs no athletic supervising master to lead him by the hand to the cricket-field. While healthily fond of athletics, he appreciates, and his parents appreciate, the value of a good education. He, like his American cousin, is always eager to "get on." Athletics fall into a subsidiary place in his schoolboy scheme. He comes of a race that can ride and shoot. A riding-school, in his eyes, seems the last word in decadence.

The universities of the Colonies fulfil functions quite other than those dear to Oxford. In a recent speech by the Chancellor of the New Zealand University upon the functions of a university, one may look in vain for the word "sport" or for any mention of that discipline, that rigid conformation to one standard of "good form," which turns all Oxford men out in the one stiff, reserved pattern. The New Zealand universities and colleges seem to have

but one purpose—the teaching of useful knowledge. Questions of "tone," of demeanor, of manner and dress, that so occupy the student at Oxford—the production, in short, of that unique type called the English gentleman—do not enter into the New Zealand curriculum.

This discipline by one's fellows that begins at the public school and culminates in Oxford or the army, finds no counterpart in any other portion of the Empire. It makes of the public school boy such a little gentleman that in contemplating his almost aggressively shining gentlemanliness it was always a haunting grief to me that he should ever grow up into the English gentleman. The late Cecil Rhodes apparently liked the Oxford type, and desired to see it perpetuated through the Empire; but of that there is small hope. For the type the Colonies recognize has but a limited scope of usefulness. It has been evolved for the governing of subject races; and the nations within the loose ring of the British Empire have long outgrown the need of English governance. India, a conquered country, is still "run" by a thousand superbly garmented, stolid, polo-playing Oxford young men; but there are no more Indias, nor, in the general view of the Colonies, is there much reason for the continued inclusion within the bounds of a possible Imperial alliance of such a doubtful, unworkable factor as a country of alien races held by the sword.

And Oxford, that seeks to make all her sons conform to the one standard, incidentally crushes out individuality. There are brilliant men in Oxford, but they are all brilliant in the same way. In the Colonies it is individuality, initiative that we want. The iron domination of the crowd that is so marked in the public school and the college, even though the crowd is composed of schoolboys or undergraduates, is of no use to the Colonial. And it is this ten-

dency toward individualism, already so marked in the rapidly severing national ideals of the far-scattered sections of the Empire, that the Englishman has so signally failed to mark. As Richard Jebb says:

The assumption which underlies such phrases as "the Expansion of England" or "Greater Britain," and suggests the familiar principle of federation as the logical form of closer union, is not justified by the tendency either of instinctive sentiment or of actual developments in Canada and Australia. So far as generalization is possible, it may be said that there is not, in fact, any growing consciousness of a common nationality, but exactly the reverse. In other words, the basis of Imperial federation, instead of expanding and solidifying, is melting away.⁵

A corollary to the Oxford discipline is the English county life. In the Colonies few live in the country save those whose business holds them there. To take a country house merely to live in it, as is the English fashion, would not appeal to the Colonial mind. When possible he takes a house in town. But the English country is not as the Colonial country; to the English squire the country is but an immense preserve for his pleasure and comfort. Within the stout stone walls that surround the lonely privacy of his deserted park, the county magnate is William the Second of Germany. As he grows old he finds it increasingly difficult to emerge from behind his walls. Outside is a world that will not get out of his way, a world that does not touch its hat. If he goes up to London a mere policeman will stop his carriage as lightly as he would arrest a coster's cart; on the pavement strangers do not step aside to let him pass. Even his club considers its other members as much as it considers him. Back, perturbed, he goes to his little kingdom, and at the village station the station-master touches

⁵ "Studies in Colonial Nationalism."

a subservient cap and local porters effusively cringe.

Summer in the country seems to the visiting Colonial one huge, rather dull, garden party. Everybody knows everybody within a strictly limited circle. You meet the same "clique" at hunt and tennis and dinner. There are queer distinctions of caste. A country barrister, for instance, needs the backing of ancestry; a country solicitor ranks little above a drainage engineer; the veriest curate is the genteel equal of a peer. If there is any doubt as to the social standing of a stranger, he can always be "looked up." There are books of reference published in England solely for this purpose. You simply find out where a stranger's "people" live, turn the name up, and learn whether he is connected with a lord. In England every man in society has his label. In the case of a Colonial, coming from a vague dominion beyond the seas, much annoyance is caused to his hostess by the deplorable lack of reference books in which he can be "turned up."

Perhaps the two outstanding features of English county life as it strikes a Colonial are the scarcity of males and the dulness of the females. The English boy of good family has but four careers open to him. (1) If an eldest son, his life work consists in succeeding his father. (2) If a second son, and of the average height, he goes into the army. (3) If of shorter stature, he enters the navy. (4) If by chance he possesses any brains, he may succeed in passing the stiff examinations for the Home or Indian Civil Service. In cases (1) and (4) he begins with Oxford. The impression made upon the Colonial is that the army and navy were thoughtfully given to England by a kind Providence for the sole purpose of providing billets for superfluous second sons.

The Church, which is open to all younger sons, can scarcely be called a

career. Livings are usually in the gift of relations, but in most cases a good private income is necessary in order to exist on the absurdly small stipend of the country vicar. In many cases vicarages and rectories requiring six to eight hundred pounds a year to keep up are in receipt of incomes averaging one hundred pounds. Even a second son is usually able to see the logic of this kind of book-keeping. So, with the exception of the clergyman and the eldest son, the youth of England are swept from the country; the girls are left, and occasionally marry curates.

The amiable dullness of the English county girl is probably due to her utter lack of education. The boy goes to an expensive public school, a still more expensive university; there is little money left over for the education of his sister. And she does not wish it. The eager rush of girls to Colonial universities has no parallel anywhere save in America. The English ideal of a woman seems to be a dull, placidly pretty, regular-featured, dignified piece of ice. Intelligence, animation, individuality, knowledge are not needed. Many county girls that I met in England seemed to possess no individuality at all; even girls of twenty held no opinions of their own. Most of them were mere reflexes of their parents' prejudices. The ego seemed yet in a rudimentary stage; their minds purely objective. This immense gap between the English brother and sister is one of the most startling aspects of modern England.

The Colonial girl takes her place at the universities by her brother's side; she enters those universities by the same competitive examinations. She has opinions, initiative, individuality; she can talk, is interested in politics and in sport, is self-reliant, capable, unafraid of conventions. The English girl is shocked by her freedom from the cant of false modesty; but the Colonial

girl, unshielded as is her English sister from birth to womanhood by successive swathes of conventions, grows up a woman strengthened by knowledge; she has looked squarely at evil and knows the slimy thing for what it is. Her English sister shudders by, with "innocent" eyes downcast. The Colonial girl is a sturdy mate, not a clinging doll. But, you say, so much of the bloom has been rubbed off. But surely the bloom is but a surface thing?

But it is in his mental characteristics that the appalling insularity of the Englishman is most clearly seen. He has had no opportunity to compare himself with the Colonial variations of the common race. He still holds the ludicrous idea that the Englishman who stays at home is superior to the Englishman who doesn't. In his insular mind there is some vague virtue attached to the vegetable quality of staying at home. In his view, implied rather than expressed, for the Englishman is ever polite, the Colonial is rather a poor sort of Englishman, a degenerate from a ruling nation, an Englishman lacking all the advantages of education and environment that have built up the race.

The editor of the *Sydney Bulletin*, in pointing out "that the chief obstacle in the way of the establishment of a more permanent system [than the present Imperial system] is to be found in the United Kingdom itself," emphasizes this mental attitude in his characteristic manner. He says that the above proposition is based on "the assumption that the Englishman who leaves England to help in carrying the flag a little further out is necessarily an inferior as compared to the one who stays behind and, it may be, moulders in some sleepy country town and sells cheese in some murky little shop."*

This placid acceptance of the coasts

* J. Edmond, "Can We Federate Our Piebald Empire?" in "Australian Review of Reviews."

of a small island as the limits of racial worth is responsible for the antiquated ideas yet held of the Colonial. The Englishman totally fails to understand that the Colonial, and all the main branches of the Colonial, stand not at the degenerate tail of an older race, but at the head of a new, another race. His loyalty has passed from the England that he left to the country that he lives in; he is stirred by the paramount sense of his distinct nationality. Such an impartial observer as Richard Jebb has noted this fact.

The dawn of the twentieth century [he says] reveals the phenomenon of a similar instinct (the progressive ascendancy of national sentiment, or the idea of separate nationality) already beginning to dominate the political evolution of the British Empire in those self-governing colonies which, either singly or in federal union, possess the potentiality of a separate national career. . . . Generally speaking, the popular attitude towards the Mother Country is becoming different in kind to that which prevailed a generation ago. Colonial loyalty, rooted in the past, is slowly giving way before national patriotism, reaching to the future.'

Everywhere I went in England I heard peevish expressions of discontent at the newer national activities of the Colonies. The still surviving ideal of an Empire throughout England seems to be a series of little Englands. I have never found an Englishman to take me seriously when I informed him, for instance, that the inhabitants of Australia were Australians. In his view Australians were but degenerate Englishmen. Richard Jebb has pointed out that "the popular habit of alluding to 'the British nation,' in a sense inclusive of Colonial peoples, already is an anachronism." But England yet refuses to take the new nations seriously. In the insular mind they are still the dismembered limbs of a colossus sprawling athwart the globe.

* "Studies in Colonial Nationalism."

So in this insular attitude of England we will find the sole barrier in the way of the final federation of the Empire. So awkward an obstacle does it appear to Richard Jebb that he abandoned the idea of an Imperial Federation as impracticable—and in this conclusion many of the best minds of the Colonies support him—and substituted for federation an Imperial alliance between allied nations. He advocated

alliance for federation, of the colonial ideal for the English ideal. . . . Alliance recognizes separate national aspirations; federation aims at national unity. If diversified nationalism, within workable limits, is valued as a progressive element in human civilization, then the new policy is one which is desirable as well as practicable, superseding an older policy which was neither.⁶

But there can be no alliance between a racial aristocrat and his inferiors. So long as the Englishman refuses mentally to pass the narrow bounds of his island and recognize the nationalist tendencies everywhere valiantly at work throughout the Empire, so long will he stand as the one flaw in that Empire's stability, the one danger to its permanence. For he must recognize—what he does not now recognize—how out of touch he stands with the other members of the Imperial clan. There is an immediate mental pathway between the minds of any of the newer nations; the Australian understands the Canadian, the Maorilander the South African. Yet I have found almost the difference of a generation between the mental outlook of an Englishman and that of a Colonial. I speak to deaf racial ears. And in England I am quite out of touch with the national life. I doubt if it would be possible for any Australian, any Maorilander, consistently to vote for any political platform put before the English elector. Holding, as the majority

⁶ Ibid.

of my countrymen hold, the ideals of State socialism, compulsory arbitration, a land tax, compulsory resumption of excessively large land estates, payment to members, universal suffrage, local control of the liquor traffic, an objection to freehold, I see no political party in England to which I could give my adhesion. And if Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman visited New Zealand he would find there in full working order a Liberalism from which he would flee in horror.

His island has made the Englishman a ruler, an administrator of subject races, a discoverer, a sailor, a conqueror. His island has forgotten to teach him to co-operate. An authority on the Irish⁹ has noted that the Irish farmer of the new régime takes eagerly to co-operative work, while the English farmer wholly distrusts such schemes. In the Colonies co-operation, as seen throughout New Zealand in the numerous co-operative dairy factories, is a principle swiftly grasped by a people accustomed to the larger functions inherent in the Colonial conception of the State. It is the English national disinclination for co-operation that will oppose any Imperial alliance on which the Colonies enter, as they must, on terms of partnership. In such an alliance the Colonies will insist, in a degree proportionate to their strength, on a share in the management of the Empire, its business, its profits, its emoluments, its dignities, its defences. At present the adventurous Englishman who widens the limits of the Empire ceases, by leaving England, to be a full citizen of that Empire. He ceases to have his share in the control of the Empire's policy, he is cut off from any chance of

rising to eminence in Imperial politics, or in the Imperial military or naval service.

The editor of the *Bulletin* forcibly puts this possibility:

When, under Imperial Federation, the Colonies had to carry a larger share of the burden of defence, they would want to inquire into the nature of the defences, to audit the accounts . . . and to know much more clearly than they have done in the past how far the naval defence forces are intended for the sole protection of the British Isles in an hour of extremity, and how far the outlying portions of the Empire might then expect to be left to their fate.¹⁰

Such, in its most aggressive form, is the Australian point of view. The question is whether the insular Englishman can force himself to recognize the existence of such nationalist conceptions within the bounds of what he has been accustomed to regard as his dominions beyond the seas. Is it too late, even yet, for the Englishman to make the mental wrench that will enable him to contemplate almost with equanimity an Imperial alliance of Imperial nations, each contributing to the common stability some special efflorescence of racial individuality, each strong in the pride of its own nationality, each in sympathy with the nationalist tendencies of its partner nations?

"A sound country has no use for the men whose first affections lie beyond its shores; which is the conventional English idea of 'Colonial loyalty.' The future of the new countries lies with the native-born, whose first love, like that of their forefathers, is for the land of their own birth."

The Nineteenth Century and After.

Arthur H. Adams.

Wellington, N.Z.

⁹ Plunket, "Ireland in the New Century."

¹⁰ J. Edmond, in "Australian Review of Reviews."

CHRISTIANITY AND SCIENCE.

PART I.—THE MATERIAL ELEMENT IN CHRISTIANITY.

Those men of science who make a life-study of the material world alone, and habitually close their minds to the influences of poetry and of emotional and religious and even philosophical literature generally, are apt to grow into the belief that the material aspect of the universe is the only aspect which matters,—sometimes going so far as to hold that it is the only aspect which is truly real.

Theologians and mystics, and even men of letters, are liable to err in a similar though complementary manner, and by exclusive attention to one region of human nature become so imbued with its supreme importance that they ignore and despise the universe of matter, force, and energy; regarding with complacency not only their own ignorance, but the ignorance also of teachers of youth.

This distinction between schools of thought on the intellectual plane is fairly obvious; and a similar distinction holds also in the religious sphere:—

There are those, on the one hand, who hold that "God" and "spiritual beings" and "guidance" and "intelligent control" are words of only superstitious meaning—that the world, as revealed by our senses, is the sole reality, our bodily life our true and only existence, and the world of poetry and religion but a dream.

There are those, on the other hand, who so immerse themselves in spiritual contemplation that the things of sense shrink into nothingness, and our present life, with all that pertains to bodily and terrestrial activity, becomes insignificant, or even acquires a negative value, since material things are a snare and a temptation, tending to divert our

feet from the true path, and apt to fill our souls with clogging and vicious trifles.

The extreme in the one case has been called roughly materialism or naturalism or positivism; its religion is a practical religion of human nature and earthly service, its god a glorified humanity, and its immortality merely racial, being one of sentiment and memory.

The extreme in the other case has been called spiritualism or mysticism or asceticism or puritanism, for it has many phases; its religion is largely occupied with worship, sometimes in the form of contemplative awe and ecstasy, sometimes of labor for the glory of God; its God is a high and holy personality of illimitable perfection, far removed from the struggles and trials of this mortal life, which is a mere episode or probationary discipline before men's souls are lapped for ever in the peace of the Eternal, or are tortured by exclusion from His presence for all eternity.

Between the extremes comes the religion which we know as Christianity. Looked at cosmically, this aims at being a comprehensive and inclusive scheme, capable of embracing the essential elements of both the other systems,—recognizing and worshipping God in the Highest, loving and serving man even at his lowest, accepting the facts of nature and despising nothing that exists, desiring to utilize the opportunities of this present life to the uttermost, and yet believing that it is possibly not the beginning, certainly not the end, of our existence; rejoicing in the objects of sense, realizing also the beauty and truth of things only

reached now by studious contemplation, rejecting the idea of any ultimate conflict between matter and spirit, and, when they appear to conflict, giving supremacy to the spiritual.

It is the mission of the Priest to emphasize one of these aspects; it is the business of the Naturalist to emphasize the other; it is the desire of the Philosopher to realize the element of truth in both departments, to grasp truth in its breadth and comprehensiveness; while it is the duty of the Religious man to apply the truths, so recognized, in the conduct of practical life.

But the task of the unifier is not an easy one; it is not to be supposed that every exuberant utterance of the mystic is true, that every balanced limitation of the naturalist is true, and that

it only remains to understand and accept both. His task is much harder than that: he has to exercise discrimination, to scrutinize and weigh carefully, not letting himself be over-persuaded by the enthusiasts on either side, and so gradually to evolve for himself a system of thought which is as true and helpful as may be possible to a being in his present state of development. This is the task which lies before us all, and this is the task upon which the great prophets of humanity, each in his day and generation, have been engaged. This work absorbs the attention of many leading Christian theologians at the present time—men who exhibit welcome breadth of knowledge and are imbued with scientific method.

I.—THE CORRESPONDENCE OF SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL.

First of all, then, the whole doctrine of "Incarnation" exhibits an idea of the interaction between the spiritual and the material. Just as man has at least a dual nature—the material organism and the dominant mind—so it was felt must God be thought of as interacting directly with this material scheme, and must be supposed incarnated or clothed with a material body, subject to growth, disintegration, and death, like our own. An extraordinary and bold conception, manifestly symbolic or pictorial of something, not literal nor reducible to any simple formula,—it nevertheless involves a great truth: the kinship between spirit and matter. Any divine revelation, to be accessible to us, must have an accessible and bodily form. So must a ghost or vision; however objectively unreal it may be, it must appear in the likeness of man and will usually have garments such as we have been accustomed to associate with human beings; it must appear in material accessories, or it could not appear at all. That is the

essence of revelation; and even in the most sublimated case, even if no outward form or voice were subjectively constructed, yet something in the brain must be affected, else not only could there be neither speech nor language, there could not be any definite impression, not even the vanishing impression of a dream.

But the materializing tendency of the human race has gone further than that. Given the Incarnation of a divine spirit in a mortal frame, they have not been content with that already sufficiently difficult idea; they have pressed further to ask how that body was produced, and what ultimately became of it; and so we have legends of abnormal birth and of bodily resurrection.

But the latter difficulty is not a problem raised by the phenomena associated with Christ alone; it is a difficulty which has troubled all humanity. We are all supposed to be spirits endowed with immortality, as taught the ancients; but we all have bodies—the apparently necessary medium of man-

ifestation and of individuality,—what becomes of them? Socrates was content to suppose that the body remained behind, sloughed off, and was restored to the elements of this material world. But the early Christians were not satisfied thus to get rid of their material part: a vein of materialism ran through their Christianity; they supposed that the bodies were only temporarily discarded, and would ultimately rise and rejoin their divorced spirits at the sound of some future signal: a grotesque idea which, strange to say, still survives in the thoughts of unimaginative persons and in some portions of the liturgy.

But, it is contended, this is an essential part of Christianity, however it be interpreted; the mere persistence of existence was a pagan idea and existed long before Christ. The special feature of Christianity was not the survival or persistence of existence, even of individual existence, but the resurrection of the body; and hence this doctrine is rightly emphasized in the creeds.

And so, throughout, it will be found that Christianity has a definitely materialistic side; and it becomes a question for us what is to be the modern interpretation of all this mediæval doctrine, and how far it is to be accepted as in any sense corresponding to reality. For that it is not to be accepted in a crude form, such as that in which it is preached by ignorant persons to-day, was obvious to the New Testament writers, and doubtless to the most enlightened saints of all time; but that it contains some element of truth, enshrined in its strange formalism, is to be strongly maintained.

The purely spiritual side of religion, so far as it contents itself with positive assertion and is not occupied with denying material facts, does not now concern us. It is the material side

which I wish to consider, especially whether religion should have a materialistic basis, and how far its excursion into materialism may be warranted by experience. It is plain that for our present mode of apprehending the universe a material vehicle is essential; that which has no contact with the world of matter cannot be directly apprehended, and has for us no effective existence. A purely spiritual agency may be active, and the activity may be guessed at or inferred, and may be believed in, but the only evidence of its existence that can be adduced is the manifestation of that activity through matter, and the only moments when a glimpse can be caught of the activity are the moments at which action on matter occurs.

Dreams, visions, thoughts, inspirations, all things known to us—no matter how intangible and subtle their essence—are enabled to enter what we call our present consciousness solely by some action on, or action in, the brain. They may act on other material particles too, but on the matter of the brain they *must* act, or they give no sign.

A whole world may exist beyond our senses, may exist even in space and close to us for all we can tell, and yet if it has no means of connection, no links with the material world, it must remain outside our consciousness; and this isolation must last until we grow a new sense, or otherwise develop fresh faculties, so that intercommunication and interaction can begin. Whether there is any interaction at present between this and a supersensual world is a question that may be debated, but the above assertion that some such interaction is an essential preliminary to our recognition of such a world is hardly susceptible of debate.

Now, this dependence of the spiritual on a vehicle for manifestation is not likely to be a purely temporary condi-

tion: it is probably a sign or sample of something which has an eternal significance, a representation of some permanent truth.

That is certainly the working hypothesis which, until negatived, we ought to make. Our senses limit us, but do not deceive us: so far as they go, they tell us the truth. I wish to proceed on that hypothesis. To suppose that our experience of the necessary and fundamental connection between the two things—the something which we know as mind and the something which is now represented by matter—has no counterpart or enlargement in the actual scheme of the universe, as it really exists, is needlessly to postulate confusion and instrumental deception.

Philosophers have been so impressed with this that they have conjectured that mind and matter are but aspects, or modes of perception, of one fundamental comprehensive unity; a unity which is neither exactly mind nor exactly matter as we conceive them, but is something fundamental and underlying both, as the ether is now conceived of as sustaining and in some sense constituting all the phenomena of the visible universe.

This monistic view, if true at all, is likely to be permanently and actually true; and, though it by no means follows that mind is dependent on matter as we know it, it will probably be still by means of something akin to matter—something which can act as a vehicle and represent it in the same sort of way that matter represents it now—that it will hereafter be manifested.

This probability or possibility may be regarded as one form of statement of an orthodox Christian doctrine. Assuming that Christianity emphasizes the material aspect of religion, as its supporters assert that it does, it supplements the mere survival of a dis-

carnate spirit, a homeless wanderer or melancholy ghost, with the warm and comfortable clothing of something that may legitimately be spoken of as a "body"; that is to say, it postulates a supersensually visible and tangible vehicle or mode of manifestation, fitted to subserve the needs of future existence, as our bodies subserve the needs of terrestrial life—an ethereal or other entity constituting the persistent "other aspect," and fulfilling some of the functions which the atoms of terrestrial matter are employed to fulfil now.

Not only the authority of St. Paul, but the influence also of poets, can be appealed to as sustaining some truth underlying the crude idea above formulated. To them the highest feelings have, and appear necessarily to have, a material outcome or counterpart associated with them. Take "love," for instance: many have been the attempts to spiritualize it into a discarnate entity; and doubtless it is in its highest form the purest and least gross of all the emotions; yet it must ultimately be recognized that it has a sacramental or material side, wherein the flesh and the spirit are united and inseparable, and where neither can be discarded without loss to the other. It has been always easy to deride and condemn the bodily side of our nature, but by the highest seers this has not been done. The glorification and transfiguration, not the reprobation, of the body has been the theme of the highest prophets and poets, and those who in "matter" detect nothing but evil are essential, though well-meaning, blasphemers. It has been easy also to tilt the balance the other way, and, by discarding or ignoring the spiritual side, to wallow and blaspheme in a far more degraded and degrading manner. This tendency in times of decadence has been dominant, and nations and individuals have had to struggle with the overweight of their animal

ancestry, and some have succumbed; but, shorn of its exaggeration, there is a truth to be perceived on the material side too, and we must be careful that in spurning the exaggeration we do not lose some of the essential truth embodied in it. In so far as the mis-called "fleshy school of poetry," for instance, is not fleshy in any low sense but inspired, the permanence and importance and dignity of the side now known as material is the truth which is being preached.¹ It may happen that in some cases the message is too dazzling for the messenger, and he may succumb to the enchantment of his vision, so that he lose the jewel itself and be left blindly grasping only its empty setting; but the message itself must not be unduly discredited on that account.

Assuming then—as consonant with, or even as part of, Christianity—the doctrine of the dignity and necessary character of some quasi-material counterpart of every spiritual essence, it becomes our duty to inquire what part of this connection is essential, and what is accidental and temporary.

Take our present incarnation as an example. We display ourselves to

mankind in the garb of certain clothes, artificially constructed of animal and vegetable materials, and in the form of a certain material organism, put together by processes of digestion and assimilation, likewise composed of terrestrial materials.

The identity of the corporeal substances and chemical compounds is evidently not of a permanent and important character. Whether they formed part of sheep or birds or fish or plants, they are assimilated and become part of us, being arranged by our subconscious activities and vital processes into appropriate form, just as truly as other materials are consciously woven into garments, no matter what they originally sprang from. Moreover, just as our clothes wear out and require darning and patching, so our bodies wear out; the particles are in continual flux, each giving place to others, and being constantly discarded and renewed. The identity of the actual or instantaneous body is therefore an affair of no importance: the individuality lies deeper than that, and belongs to whatever it is which put the particles together in this shape and not another.

II.—THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

When, therefore, at what we call death, this controlling entity leaves the terrestrial sphere of things—assuming that it does not promptly go out of existence, a thing which it would be very surprising for any existing entity to do—it is unnecessary to suppose that it will continue in a wholly discarnate condition for a time, until presently it becomes able to resume the poor decayed refuse which it left behind on this planet.

¹ I regret to have to refer, even for the sake of illustration, to this discredited and noxious criticism of the poetry of Rossetti, but I hope that the lofty character of the things criticized

The idea of rejoining the corpse in this sense is unthinkable and repulsive: it could only arise in ages of ignorance. The identity of the material particles does not constitute the identity of the person, nor is it essential to the identity of the body. What is wanted to make definite our thoughts of the persistent existence of what we call our immortal part, is simply the persistent power of manifesting itself to friends, i.e. to persons with whom we are in

is sufficiently manifest to enable every reader to perceive the beauty of the message and the inspiration of the poet.

sympathy, by means as plain and substantial in that order of existence as the body was here—though the manifestation need not be of so broadcast and indiscriminate a character as it is now;²—we may surmise that any immortal part must have the power of constructing for itself a suitable vehicle of manifestation, which is the essential meaning of the term “body.”

The question whether the individuality and personal identity and consciousness and memory, and all that constitutes an ego, are preserved, is worthy of examination and research: the fate of the terrestrial residue is of no great consequence—not much more than if it consisted solely of old clothes.

To those who stigmatize this as dualism, and say that it is contrary to the ultimate identity of matter and spirit, I reply No. Monism does not assert that atoms of matter are any aspect of *me*. The penholder is an instrument subservient to my will, and it may be made to express my thought, but it is no part of me—I can throw it down when done with, and when worn out I can burn or bury it, but I do not thereby lose the power of taking another, nor of learning to write with a different instrument and in another language if I travel to other countries. There may be a sense in which all matter is evidence of, and an aspect of, the thought of some World-Mind; but most of it is certainly neither evidence nor aspect of *my* mind. Matter divorced from all Mind whatever may possibly thereby cease to exist; but the furniture certainly does not cease to exist when I leave the room.—nor

² This sentence probably requires amplification: its meaning is this:—Present human bodies bring us into contact with strangers and make us aware of people in whom perchance we take no interest. Hereafter our acquaintanceship may perhaps be limited to those with whom we are linked by the ties of affinity and affection—the mode of communication being probably of a more sym-

would it be affected if all humanity were to perish off the planet.

Those who press monism to these absurd lengths will find a difficulty in preserving the clearness of their thoughts; and in self-defence they will take refuge in a narrow and illiterate and most unscientific variety of dogmatic scepticism, or agnostic dogmatism.

Soul and Body.

The phrase “resurrection of the body” undoubtedly dates back to a period when it was thought that the residue laid in the grave would at some future signal be collected and resuscitated and raised in the air: and superstitions about missing fragments and about the permissibility of cremation, even to this day, are not extinct. But all this is clearly infantile, and has long been discarded by leaders of thought; and it were good if the phrases responsible for the misunderstanding could be amended also.

“Resurrection of a body” would be but little improvement, for the body that hereafter “shall be” is not that body which was planted in the ground, and the future “body” can hardly be said to have risen from the grave. Nor does the Nicene version “resurrection of the dead” give much assistance, for that which survives is just that which never was dead; it did not cease to be, and then arise to new life; its existence, if persistent at all, is necessarily continuous; the whole argument for persistence of existence depends on continuity,—on the fact that real existence does not suddenly spring into being out of nothing, and then suddenly vanish as if it had not been.

pathetic or telepathic character, and less physical, than now. If so, this planetary episode is a great opportunity for enlarging our scope and for making new friends; so that the emphasis laid by great prophets on “love,” and their condemnation of selfishness as a deadly vice specially destructive of fulness of personality and wealth of existence, becomes amply intelligible.

Perhaps the word "resurrection" may be interpreted as meaning *revival or survival*, and "death" can be defined as a definite physico-chemical process occurring to the body or material vehicle of manifestation. So far as the spirit is concerned, the teaching of Socrates holds to this day: "Let them bury him if they could catch him: but he himself would be out of their reach."

It is all very well to stigmatize this as pagan teaching, and to hold it in light esteem,—it is teaching to which multitudes to-day have not risen; and a real and vital belief in such a doctrine could not but have a beneficent influence on conduct. It may be true to say that Christianity assumes all that, and supplements it with the Pauline doctrine of a resurrection-body, or spiritual body, but it is likewise true that the phrases of the Church do not assist people to grasp even the truth underlying the Socratic doctrine of immortality, and so, when they perceive the falsity of corporeal resurrection, they are apt to lose faith even in persistence of existence. Having been accustomed to associate personality with a buried corpse, the manifest decay and dissipation of the body destroys, in the semi-educated, the whole idea of immortality; and with it is apt to go religion too. "Resurrection" is itself a

misleading word: the phrases which suggest that the person himself is entombed, the phrases about waiting till the last day, and about the general resurrection, even the habit of burying with the face to the east, and the custom of burying relatives together, are all misleading or are liable to misinterpretation. Some of these customs are legitimate and humanly intelligible; and so strong a hold have these ideas on mankind, that even the greatest poets, who have shaken themselves loose from the thought, cannot, and possibly do not wish to, shake themselves loose from the time-honored language in which it was embedded, for even Tennyson says:

in the vast Cathedral leave him.

But God forbid that I should presume to pragmatize or dogmatize as to the language which ought to be employed: let us get our thoughts clear, and the language of devotion and of poetry may continue to be employed in due season. Words and ancient phrases can touch the emotions, as music can, without being too closely scrutinized by the intellect; the formulae of centuries must be respected, and a priggish precision of expression may be quite unsuited to worship.

III.—THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

Let us then, in a spirit of orthodoxy, now approach the person of Christ—the Christ long recognized by Christendom as a Divine Person in human form: let us assume that in order to display himself to the inhabitants of this planet he was provided with a body like our own, eating and drinking and sleeping and suffering and dying, like any of us: what should we expect to happen to his body when it was done with?

That he should survive death, that he should be able to appear to worship-

pers, that he would exert a perennial and vivifying influence on his disciples of all time—all this is orthodox, and all this is not repugnant to science as I conceive it. Is anything more necessary? That a historical legend should have grown up concerning the disappearance of the body from a tomb is almost inevitable, considering the state of belief at the time. If an apparition of some one recently deceased appeared now to ignorant people, I imagine that most of them would expect the corpse

to have been utilized for the purpose, and to have been either temporarily or permanently disturbed in its grave. And to disprove a continued existence it might be held sufficient, among ignorant people, to point triumphantly to a tomb not empty.

But then, Christ by ecclesiastical hypothesis was unique: he was not as one of us, his appearance was likely to transcend ours, and his body was likely to be differently constituted from ours: so it has been maintained.

I think it may be argued that, thus conceived, the Incarnation would hardly sustain the complete and efficient character which orthodox creeds claim for it. The whole idea of the Manhood is that he was a man like ourselves, subject to human needs, open even to temptation, obedient to pain and death. That his spirit was superior to ours few deny, but that his body was essentially different I confess seems to me like superstition. His raiment at any rate was made in the ordinary way, yet it too shared in the glory of the transfiguration. The Transfiguration was a splendid episode, typifying the dignifying and dominating of matter by the indwelling spirit. The shining in the eye of genius, the almost visible glow pervading the body in moments of exaltation, this, raised to a higher power, permeated and suffused the poor human body and travel-worn peasant garments of Christ, till the few privileged witnesses had to shade their eyes.

So it is reported concerning Moses after his solitary communion with Jehovah; so it may have been with Joan of Arc; so it may be again from time to time with the most exalted saints. These things are legends, it is true, but they are more than legends; they bear on their face the signs of hyperphysical truth—not in detail of narration, perhaps, but in essence. So it was with Saul's vision at Damascus; so it may

have been with the scene at the Baptism; so, it is not inconceivable, may there be some foundation of truth even for the legendary appearances to Magi and to shepherds at the Nativity.

The mental and the physical are so interwoven, the possibilities of clairvoyance are so unexplored, that I do not feel constrained to abandon the traditional idea that the coming or the going of a great personality may be heralded and accompanied by strange occurrences in the region of physical force. The mind of man is competent to enchain and enthrall the forces of nature, and to produce strange and weird effects that would not otherwise have occurred. Shall the power be limited to his conscious intelligence? May it not also be within the power of the subconscious intelligence, at moments of ecstasy, or at epochs of strong emotion or of transition?

That there should be storms and earthquakes at the Crucifixion is sure to be legendary, but that it was likewise true is not in the least inconceivable. We know too little to be able to dogmatize on such things: we must observe and generalize as we can.

Hence if the historical evidence is strong and definite for the disappearance, not of bodies from tombs, but of that one Body from its tomb—the exception being justified on the ground of its having been inhabited by an exceptionally mighty Spirit—I am not one to seek to deny it on scientific grounds. But I submit that for the purposes of religion at the present day no exceptional treatment of the discarded human body is necessary; and the difficulties introduced by the effort to contemplate the circumstances of anything approaching physical resuscitation, or re-employment of the same body, are very great.

The appearances during the forty days are not inconsistent with the

legends of apparitions the world over; and a farewell phantasmal appearance—described as an Ascension—is credible enough. The presence of the wounds also is quite consistent with what is observable in apparitions as known to us: they by no means establish physical identity. The body notoriously had not its old properties, for it appeared and disappeared and penetrated walls; and ultimately this supposed compound of terrestrial particles ascended into another order of things, "and sat down for ever at the right hand of God." We are out of the region of physics here, and attention to the details of any actual body in such an atmosphere introduces strangely inappropriate considerations: the very atoms of which it was composed would not last for ever, the chemical compounds would soon decay: surely we need not assert such a thing of the body which was buried in the tomb, any more than we assert it of the four or five previous bodies which,

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during the Incarnation, had been worn and discarded, particle by particle.

Moreover, it is depressing to the ordinary Christian, who knows or ought to know that his own flesh, bones, and other appurtenances will assuredly not rise, to have to think of Christ's Resurrection as a unique occurrence; for the express Pauline doctrine of the Resurrection is that it is the type or pattern of our resurrection; and the more normally we can regard the human side of Christ, and everything connected with his body both before and after death, the better and more hopeful is it for us his brethren.

May I suggest that the mystical spirit, which is the vital essence of any church or religious fellowship, though it may be incarnate for a time in a creed, should not be for ever fossilized therein, but should continue open to the fertilizing influences of reason and expanding knowledge, and, like any other spirit, should dominate and survive its material body?

Oliver Lodge.

MY SCHOOLGIRL LIFE FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Our old school-house was a red brick building with a wide, stone-coped Venetian window on each side of the spacious hall. The architect had planned the windows of the first floor after the same pattern, the place of the door being taken by a narrow sash. On the upper story his ambition had been satisfied with three ordinary lights. The mansion, for so it might be termed, had the fame of having sheltered John Wesley from an angry mob. The hosts of the venerable man dying without lineal heirs, the house had been sold for a scholastic establishment.

A straight drive, laid with red gravel, and shaded by large-leaved poplars,

separated the house from the road then; but now the increasing value of the land for building purposes has encroached on the avenue, and if one of the old pupils wishes to look at the place, a view from a narrow side-street is all that can be attained. A row of modern plate-glass-fronted shops hides the building, and the only access is up a covered entry, between two windows filled with the newest fashions in millinery.

Our school-room had been the drawing-room, and the high wooden mantelpiece was ornamented with carved medallions enclosed in conventional festoons of flowers. The principal one in the middle represented a group of

children playing with hoops and balls. As they were painted to represent the delicate color of pink and white cameos, the effect was a relief to the pale sea-green of the walls, where large raised panels of white plaster suggested that pictures had once covered these vacant spaces.

A pair of wide folding doors separated this room from another known as the lower school-room. Our head-mistress usually sat beside a small round table at the upper corner of the room, and every one of her pupils entering through the doors was expected to sweep as graceful a curtsey as possible to her dignity—a dignity which owed nothing to size, or physical strength, for she was a slender little woman, of such an exquisite neatness and propriety of dress that we schoolgirls grew critical to the extent of making dissatisfied remarks to each other when, on one occasion, we thought the lace of her chemisette too transparent for our taste. Her hands and feet were daintily pretty, and we felt it to be a privilege when, on rare occasions, we were allowed to put her boots on and lace them for her. That she was a woman of distinctive charm and character the events of her after life showed. Years of patient courtship prevailed on her to marry a remarkably handsome and talented musician nearly twenty years her junior.

The back-board was not then out of date. A girl showing a tendency to stooping had the duty of standing for twenty minutes daily beside the doorway, holding the back-board over her shoulders. One of our mistress's sayings was that "crooked girls were blots on society." This judgment, she explained, was not to be expressed of our elders, whose possible sufferings might have caused spinal curvature; it applied only to young people who held themselves badly, and too often

showed a corresponding mental and moral obliquity.

Our French teacher was a most eccentric example of her sex. The daughter of one of the captains of Napoleon I., his reverses were blamed for her loss of means and position. To our youthful eyes she seemed unnaturally old. Her unvarying costume of a Cashmere gown of large Oriental pattern and vivid coloring, trimmed with one deep flounce round the feet, seemed somehow so much her proper garb as to elicit no criticism. Her wig, which was arranged in a broad, looped plait hanging down on each side of her face, while a fitting *tulle* cap tied under the chin covered her head, gave her a resemblance to an owl—a likeness on which she prided herself greatly, "because," she said, "the owl was the bird of Minerva, the goddess of Wisdom." Once or twice one had the mischance of seeing her capless, and the sight of her closely-cut white hair left a life-long memory.

So strongly marked a character was sure to have strong likings and aversions, and those of her pupils who showed an aptitude for speaking with what she considered a fairly good accent had the advantage (which they, at that age, may not have found a privilege) of a daily exercise in translating the biographical paragraphs in "Mangnall's Questions" into colloquial French, or the further interest of doing a chosen portion of "Lemprière's Dictionary" into more classical phrase.

We are all the children of the past, and in this provincial school-room we were led by the taste of the Renaissance. Mythological lore was one of the most prominent topics of our study. The use of the globes was a part of our curriculum, and one of our textbooks much beloved by some of us—"Butler's Exercises on the Globes"—had copious notes explaining the myths attaching to the constellations whose

figures we were supposed to roll to the brazen meridian.

Once a week a retired schoolmaster came to give us instruction in "Arithmetic, and the Use of the Globes." He was a portly old man, who wore clothes that were even then growing out of fashion, though his ruffled shirt, with a small square brooch fastened half-way down the neatly-ironed pleats, and the seals hanging by his thick gold watch-chain from his trousers fob-pocket, were becoming to his well-proportioned figure. Clever as he undoubtedly was, his visits were not of very long continuance. He had been used to quick as well as implicit obedience from the boys he had taught, and his irascible temper could not bear what he thought to be the purposed stupidity of some of the girls in our school. Soon his anger over-mastered his self-control, and, with an oath, he knocked one of the elder pupils off a form. Then we knew his presence no more.

Our governess must have had a certain genius for teaching, for though the old-fashioned plan of learning by rote was used for our benefit, it was with the avowed purpose of strengthening our memory that we repeated paragraphs of "Hartley's Geography," or "Lindley Murray's Grammar." Twenty lines of poetry weekly seems to have been considered a sufficient introduction to the *belles lettres*. Cowper was a safe text-book, and the "Lines on Receiving His Mother's Portrait" stretched themselves over the larger part of the term's tuition. One Irish girl of great ability took the school by storm by reciting the whole poem on one morning. Another girl, belonging to a serious Wesleyan family, received an admonition, and was turned back, for attempting to pass off the hymn "God moves in a mysterious way" as a newly-learned task—for task was the name given to these impositions.

As a frontispiece to "Pinnock's

Goldsmith's History of England" was a table of the names of the English kings, the dates of their accession, and death, and the names of their wife or wives: this we were expected to repeat at regular intervals, with the consequence that after the lapse of half a century I remember the date of the Norman Conquest, with several reigns nearer to our own day.

Though it was supposed that our head-mistress was a High-Church woman, the Church Catechism was not used save for the boarders, who, without exception, attended a weekly Confirmation Class, of which the clergyman of the parish took the charge. We had, however, prayers, and one of the Psalms read each morning before breakfast for the boarders, and before lessons for the day-scholars. On Friday afternoon prayers finished the week's work for the day-scholars, who, when they were ready to take their homeward way, passed in single file before our mistress to bid her "good afternoon," holding up their gloves for inspection meanwhile, when a fine of a penny was exacted for each hole.

The governess's quick reading of the Psalms was not of the most devotional character, and no explanation was ever given of them. Thus the Eastern phraseology was often perverted to strange meaning in my mind. The Hundred and Eighth Psalm was the favorite of one of our teachers, and the ninth verse stood for the figure of an old man literally throwing a shoe down the hillside.

Once a month a whole day was spent in making garments for the poor, each girl being expected to bring a penny monthly for what was known as the poor's fund. The fines levied on us for several offences (varying from a penny to—in a most heinous case—half a crown, but averaging sixpence, sixpence being the amount charged for upsetting the ink) all went to the poor's

fund, and the girls who managed the buying-in of the materials had a fair sum to spend on their purchases. We made women's underclothing of unbleached cotton; petticoats and aprons of what was known as linsey-woolsey, a mixture of cotton and wool; men's shirts; very pretty babies' gowns of light-colored print; and diaper pinnafores. At the end of the half year these garments were divided among the pupils, who had the pleasure of giving them to the needy people they knew. Sometimes badly-clothed beggars, presenting themselves at the back door of the house, would so enlist the cook's sympathy that she would beg something from the poor's basket for them. In Passion Week we did no lessons, but the whole time was spent over sewing for the poor, while the portion of the Gospels for the day was read aloud; and on Holy Thursday we joyfully dispersed for our Easter holiday.

As children we were expected to relish a very plain diet. For our first meal we had bread at discretion, a small breakfast-cup three parts full of weak tea or coffee, and a little butter. A piece of butter for each boarder was sent into the dining-room in a prettily-cut glass cooler, and if the girls to whom it was first handed were greedy, it was often found that one piece was missing. Then the teachers' butter-cooler was sent down after some protest, and the deprived one helped herself to a little. If by any chance a boarder found that she had too much butter, and left a portion on her plate, she received a sharp lecture when we were out of the room, the general impression being that each piece would be curtailed on the next day by so much as the quantity sent out.

The teachers and parlor-boarders sat at the upper end of the long table, where they were provided with little appetizing dainties for their morning and evening meals. At dinner we all

fared alike, roast mutton and Yorkshire pudding being served so often that we grew quite to loath the sight of what some of us called "stick-jaw."

The appointments were good, and the serving excellent, a footman and a parlor-maid waiting on us at table. Our schoolmistress's father had been presented with a quantity of plate by his fellow townsmen in recognition of his endeavors to find out some means of removing, or at least alleviating, some of the dangers to life and health accompanying the staple trades of the town, and part of the silver was in daily use. This was not altogether to our minds: one and all of us would have preferred the cut-glass tumblers placed at the head of the table to having to drink out of the small, gilt-lined, handle-less silver mugs we used (improperly called beakers).

Schoolgirls have often strong antipathies, and on one of our number telling us that she had seen the footman drinking out of our pitcher of supper milk, as she crossed the hall from the school-room to the dining-room, we naturally refused to take milk unless one of the maids brought it in. Whether this story was carried to our mistress, or whether the plan of having one man among the women domestics was not found to be a success, I do not know, but after that half-year a neat housemaid was added to the establishment, and the glory of keeping a man-servant faded away.

The man in question had been very unpleasant all round. We considered him to be a spy on our actions, and once, when three of the boarders had sent him for apples and cakes in the noon-tide hour, he had waited until we were all seated round the dining table at needlework in the evening, and, bringing in his purchases with the change on a salver, placed them before our schoolmistress, naming the girls who had sent him on the errand. The

apples and buns were doled out daily from the store-room to their owners, and, to our joy, the tell-tale was dismissed.

The domestic economy of the house moved like a skilfully constructed machine with well-oiled wheels. We saw so little of the inconvenience of cleaning the rooms that, if by any accident the bedrooms were not in due order by the time we went to change our dress for noonday dinner, we were quite ready to feel much annoyed at the unusual delay. We made our own beds every week-day excepting Wednesday, when we folded the coverlets, sheets, and blankets neatly, and placed them on a chair by the bedside. On Sundays the housemaids attended to them.

The maid-servants stayed for years, rarely leaving save for marriage. It is possible that the penalty of the payment of half a crown, strictly enforced, should any schoolgirl go into the kitchen, helped to the comfort of their situations.

Reading, writing, arithmetic, and needle-work were the only essential parts of many girl's schooling then, and in arithmetic it was thought enough for girls to understand as far as the simple Rule of Three. When the examples to that were well worked out, the fortunate pupil began again with Addition, Multiplication, and Subtraction.

For some minor offences the task of a long division sum was imposed, and often the high mantel-shelf in the top school-room was filled with a row of large slates on which sums of a varying difficulty were set out in our mistress's beautifully written figures; and when the second figure in the divisor was nine, the unfortunate girl whose name was at the foot of the slate metaphorically gnashed her teeth, for she knew that her play-time was forfeited.

Tables were done by the whole

school together, and the girls whose turn it was to say the easy line of tens felt themselves lucky. Nines were the crucial tests of our memories.

Parsing was a pleasant exercise. We took a paragraph from some book, found out the nominative, and the verb with which it agreed, looked for the pronouns and the objective cases, and resolved awkward sentences into simpler forms. Had I had the quick wit of some of my fellows this training might have helped me to become a competent critic. As it was, I was often more anxious to find out the author's meaning than to dissect his style—that is to say, on those days when getting through a lesson was not my chief object.

Latin roots and proverbs were taken in class, and when affixes and prefixes were read out we named their English derivatives, sometimes making a strange selection.

The study of geography was not taken as a branch of an ordinary English education, but considered as something of an accomplishment, and paid for at the rate of fifteen shillings a quarter. We used "Hartley's Geography," and had atlases, in which we were expected to find the countries, provinces, towns, rivers, and mountains mentioned in the context of our lesson. The study of maps we took in class; our mistress, holding up a large map, mounted on blue mill-board, for the day's lesson, would ask the names of the places to which her pencil pointed, then the blank side was turned towards us, and we had to name the province, town, or river represented behind her marker. We took places, and often a happy guess would lead a girl from the bottom to the top of the class.

Our study of astronomy was not abstruse. A table of the then known planets, their distance from the sun, the length of their year, and the num-

ber of their satellites learned from "Guy's Astronomy," was about the extent of our practical knowledge. The shape of the earth, the velocity of its revolution, its distance from the sun and the moon, and the reason of eclipses, belonging to those things which every one ought to know, were such trifles that they were not dignified by the name of astronomy. The figures of the constellations we learned from looking at the celestial globe, but their actual position in the heavens we were not shown.

One night there was a remarkable display of Auroras, and some of the boarders were much frightened, thinking that they saw precursors of the end of the world in their brilliant colors. This was very much to the amusement of our master for arithmetic, who, coming the next day, laughed heartily at their folly, telling us that it was an Aurora that illuminated the skies—only to be named by the *ignorant* as *Aurora Borealis*, a sight which was confined to Northern latitudes.

Steel pens were very little known, and it was the duty of the English governess to make quill pens for our use. Our schoolmistress herself made the pens in the first instance, and it was pretty to see her quick manipulation of the feathers; an art not easily acquired.

Letters were written on post paper, and sealed with wax. Nothing was thought more offensive than sending a letter sealed with a wafer. Gummed envelopes were quite in the future. It was said, truly or not, that exquisites threw wafered letters aside unopened on the plea that tradesmen only sent bills in such a fashion; and to make a distinct, well-shaped, well-colored seal was an evidence of good breeding. To use a thimble for the impression was altogether impossible.

Much attention was paid to our reading aloud, and the proper pronuncia-

tion of the vowels strictly inculcated, with so much effect that after all these years a harsh "u" in "bush" or "butcher" still thrills some of us with annoyance.

Though we were not allowed to speak English without special permission, we might chatter in French as much as we would. For piano practising some enthusiastic boarders would rise in the summer mornings as early as four o'clock to have three hours time on the best pianos, and this diligence met with approval.

In some things society has made great advances in the last half-century. It seems almost incredible, but it is true, that in such an otherwise well-ordered house—while our teeth, our nails, and our hair-brushing received a strict attention—there were no baths. One shower-bath (never used to my knowledge) in a spare bedroom, and large white earthen-ware pans for a weekly foot-washing were the only provision made for what should be a daily necessity.

From the windows of the bottom school-room, which overlooked the flag court where the pump was, the scholars, sitting at their desks, had once the dreadful spectacle of the killing of the family pig, to the great horror of one of our teachers who hastily pulled down the blind.

The school library was well supplied with books for study. "Mauder's Treasuries," "Crabbe's Synonyms," and "Dictionaries" were in evidence, but of books for leisure reading all that remain in my mind are short stories by Mrs. Sherwood. The evenings were occupied by needle-work, all of us being seated round the long dining-table, sewing and crocheting, while one read aloud to us. The books seem to have been chosen without much view to interest.

In spite of our seclusion echoes from the outside world reached our ears.

Some of the parlor-boarders avowed the greatest admiration for the then rising politician, Mr. Disraeli, and Louis-Napoleon's *coup d'Etat* shocked many of us.

We were not without our introduction to the social world. The elder girls acted short French plays written by our French teacher; and now and then we gave concerts to audiences that filled the large top school-room, the stage and the orchestra being arranged in the bottom room. For the acting I cannot speak critically, but as we had some girls with very fine voices, the songs were really worthy of attention. The trio *Lift Thine Eyes*, from "Elijah," made a deep impression on my childish fancy.

These entertainments were very popular in our schoolmistress's social circle, and justly popular. To sit in con-

genial company and hear good music fairly rendered, and to see a number of pretty, well-cared-for young women, all dressed in *demi-toilette* of clear white muslin, finished at the neck and wrists with ruchings of white *tulle*, was a pleasant way of passing the evening.

The old days are gone: the town has encroached on the old house and the playground; and the little plots of garden, where we planted our packets of spring annuals, and looked eagerly for the appearance of Virginian Stocks, Neomophila, and Mignonette, are built on for trade purposes. Any of the present tenants might be inclined to jeer if they were told that flowers grew there—that a Clematis arbor was once here—and a little greenhouse stood beside that wall. But then—it was fifty years ago.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

THE GERMAN DRAMA OF TODAY.

The importance of the theatre in Germany is greater than it is in England, not only on account of the larger number of dramatists and dramatic works, but because every German play is published, and consequently challenges a critical decision whether it belongs to literature or not, whereas in England the only test of the merit of a play is its pecuniary success. Indeed, the theatre is at present the principal field of progress in German literature, and reveals to us the soul of the nation. Consequently to review its steady course, say from 1902 to 1905, is obviously important, especially as the work of not less than thirty-nine dramatists has to be considered.

One of the most interesting features of the modern German stage is that the soft, almost feminine, Viennese drama, represented by Schnitzler, Nordmann, Schönherr, Bahr, Salus, von

Hofmannsthal, Hawel and Kranner, is now prevalent: the dramatic centre of gravity is no longer in Berlin, which was its capital so long as it was subject to the brutal tyranny of materialism.

Notwithstanding this very hopeful fact, we are not yet in presence of a new dramatic art; we are simply observing a period in which German plays, though sometimes very good, live only by force of the personal talents of the writers, who however are not carried along by any current which would bring their poetry into a new harbor. However, this preponderance of the Austrian drama is perhaps the most interesting characteristic of German literature, not only for the critic, but also for the student of social life.

It was Rostand's great merit to discover that the public were tired of cold

realism. In his *Romanesques* and *Cyrano de Bergerac* he won a world-wide popularity by playing on a lute which, although it could not produce a large tone, aroused a liking for dainty poetry; and this he did wisely; for really great poetry is beyond the taste of the modern theatregoer; he prefers the theatrical and posing style which at least gives the illusion that the listener has for one moment lived as loftily as his ancestors lived their whole lives. Some of the Viennese dramatists understood Rostand, followed his path and produced pieces which are poetically beautiful. Hermann Bahr's *Der Krampus* is a descendant in the direct line from *Cyrano de Bergerac*, it brings back to us the days when Mozart, "the miraculous child," charmed the Court of Vienna with his refined, heavenly, serene music; while Hugo von Hofmannsthal, in his *Der Tod des Titian*, transports us into the times of the poetic Renaissance, and gives us a "theatre in verse," which shines with marvellous colors, and brings out surprisingly well the genius of Titian.

The German dramatists are very fond of the times of the Renaissance, and it is not difficult to surmise why. The Renaissance, especially the Italian *Cinquecento*, permits an author to display the charms of color and of light, to stretch out the wings of his imagination, to kindle the fire of sentiment, for that epoch had more color and was more beautiful than ours. There is another reason also, and that is that the times of a brilliant outburst of sentiment and imagination free the poet from the domination of probability, so that more than one sin against the true or the good will be forgiven to the author of a Renaissance drama, just as one judges more leniently the misdeeds of the people of that epoch. Then the drama moves under the banner of Schiller's *Spiel*, and the public, tired of realism and materialism, willingly al-

low themselves to be led along that road so long as it is beautiful.

That fact explains Ludwig Fulda's *Die Zwillingsschwester*, the success of which was almost certain, for the masterly translator of Molière and Rostand is one of the most talented of German authors. In fact, the style and the verse of that piece are really refined and beautiful, while the dramatic technique is clever and faultless. The whole possesses a noble and natural serenity, so much so that without reckoning the "Twin sisters" as great poetry, we must acknowledge it as a good sample of poetical literature.

This cannot be said of Arthur Schnitzler's *Der Schleier der Beatrice*, for while Fulda looks on the Renaissance as a period of elegant and pleasing poetry, but slightly disturbed by human passions, Schnitzler sees it as an epoch of overgrown individuality and unbridled passion; the former conducts the spectator to the quiet of a country house, inhabited by a young couple, the latter stuns us by the clatter of arms and makes us dizzy with bloodshed. Fulda's people are good and stand nearer to ourselves; Schnitzler's contrast with the grayness of our times, by their too broad nature, in which art and the love of beauty fail to refine and only excite the primitive instincts. Their very dramatic action, the variety of the secondary characters, the correctness of the form (verse intermingled with prose), all these things failed of success, because of the unwholesome and unnatural character of the principal heroine.

Great historical frescoes are very rare in modern German art; instead of them we have pictures in which a historic moment is a means, but not the aim. At one time it will be a portrait, a study of some historical personality; then, again, a picture of a moment of a certain epoch. Joseph Victor Widmann gave us such a picture in his

Die Muse des Aretino. Pietro Aretino, undoubtedly one of the best calumniated men of the Italian Renaissance, is the hero of the piece; and although it is not a drama of the Renaissance, but a modern one, it is true and deep, and possesses a personal tone which makes it very interesting. In reading it, one appreciates its noble form, although it is not free from clever word-fencing; but on the stage the whole would probably seem to be rather a mosaic of picturesque moments than a concentrated drama.

Der Schatten, by Maria delle Grazie, is connected with the previous pieces, for it links dream with reality and makes the principal hero become a better man by means of dreamy ideas. This plan was not invented but popularized by Calderon, and was then planted by Grillparzer and Raimund on Austrian ground, and it testifies to the dreamy disposition of the Germans, and especially of the Viennese. Poets are fond of that form of presentation, because it gives them a chance of squeezing into a drama divers reflections on many subjects. Maria delle Grazie, a refined poetess not without depth, has created a beautiful work, although it does not possess the needful lucidity.

There is but one historical drama to notice—according to the traditional meaning of the phrase—and this is *König Laurin*, by Ernst von Wildenbruch, who, although sneered at by democratic critics as a Court writer of the Hohenzollerns, is bound to win the admiration of any earnest student of *belles lettres* for his artistic taste; our poetic feeling should tell us that in these days Wildenbruch is a remarkable representative of historical tragedy in the great style. If sometimes he uses too much rhetoric, and too glaring theatrical effect, which are condemned by modern aesthetic ideas, it is of course a fault, but it is one which re-

sides in the nature of historical tragedy, for even in Shakespeare's "histories," not to mention Schiller's tragedies, we may find the same fault. It is true that one may find in it a certain similarity to Schiller's *Mary Stuart*, especially in the third act, where the hall in Byzantium reminds us of the park at Fotheringhay, and the principal heroine, Amalasunta, of the unfortunate Queen of Scots; but it is a great honor to the modern poet that this similarity lies not merely in the external situation, but also in the internal strength of the piece.

While praising this drama—for it is beautiful in its poetic form—one is obliged to point out its drawbacks, especially in the first act, where the poet has made the principal heroine a modern woman fond of phrase and talk about emancipation. This anachronism is startling, but Wildenbruch was always lacking in psychological insight, his strength lying in the reproduction of historical moments and tragical situations, not in the characters of the *dramatis persona*.

The Germans have long been fond of subjects of ancient mythology, and in the eighteenth century they produced the most magnificent of modern Greek dramas, Goethe's *Iphigenia*. But if even that work is found fault with as lacking the pure Greek spirit—and the critics complain of modernizing Jasons and Sapphos—Hofmannsthal's *Electra* should deserve no more than a mention, and the German critics were right in saying maliciously that this drama was written *nach Sophocles*, meaning "after his time," and not "according to his ideas." Although in poetic art *Electra* is superior to *Die Siegesfeier*, by Hermann Katch, a new dramatist, the latter is remarkable from this point of view, that comedies on an antique background are very rare. The piece is not at all bad in regard to *milieu* and characterization; its drawbacks are

the lack of depth and nobility of form. Since Goethe's *Iphigenia* and *Torquato Tasso* there must in every dramatic season be some historical plays; and if they are not the principal attraction of the theatre, at least they contribute to its variety, their charm lying undoubtedly in the picturesqueness of costume, resplendent with gold and gorgeous fabrics of dazzling colors. These external accessories are in the foreground, while the characters are usually secondary, and are either false historically, being conceived as modern decadents, or are without flesh and blood, mere puppets clad in magnificent dresses. Ludwig Fulda, the best representative of historical drama in Germany, who gives his countrymen some new piece almost every year, has avoided in his *Novella d'Andrea* the first mistake, but was not able to escape the second. A dramatist of experience, knowing how risky it is to introduce on the stage great historical characters, is satisfied with secondary heroes. The same wise plan is fortunately adopted by the other German dramatists, and consequently, except in honest *Professoren Dramen*, we do not find them presenting great historical personages, only figures of secondary magnitude, such as *Larocheoucauld* in the work of Julius von Gans-Ludassy, who has had the good sense to turn away from the brutal tragedies of the proletariat to an elegant comedy of the times of Louis XIV. This change is a favorable testimony to his talent, and his latest piece confirms the good impression, for his dialogue sparkles with true French *esprit*.

Kurt Marten's *Kasper Hanser* is a historical drama interesting for its contents, and written with a certain artistic charm; but it loses much by a too effective treatment of the characters and moments which represent a mysterious intrigue.

But the most interesting place falls

to Hermann Sudermann, who is well known to the British public. We must begin by saying that Sudermann was very anxious to obtain a success in 1903. At the end of 1902 he fought his famous battle with the German critics, and tried to prove to them that they were guilty of monstrous "barbarism" (*Verrohung*); he used many arguments, but only one came from his heart and showed real conviction—namely, that German critics had degenerated because they were very severe on his later pieces. The attacked writers promptly answered that the plays were bad. After such an encounter only two courses were open to Sudermann, either to give up writing or to produce a drama which would be acknowledged by the public, and especially by the critics, as good. Having chosen the latter way, he wanted to walk in it firmly and assure himself that he would reach his end. He had not the courage to go against the popular taste, to force the public to give up their old ideas, to make them admire different sentiments and accept other creeds; he had not the spirit to do that, for he felt that he was not able to become a Prometheus. He preferred rather to swim with the stream, to give something which would please the public, and at the same time would be considered by the select few as the last word of modern culture. Seeing that sarcasm on the bankruptcy of liberalism is fashionable, he wrote *Der Sturmgeselle Sokrates*, which is full of points and witticisms in the style of *Simplicissimus*, the popular Munich comic paper, and he failed, for the piece did not pacify the "savage critics," while it alienated and turned away the more tolerant public.

Sudermann's effort, his cunning calculation were of no avail. If this were merely a question of a play taken off the stage after a short run, it would be unnecessary to say much about it;

but the reasons of the failure are interesting, and they are not confined to the artistic question, they concern the present political tendencies of Germany. It must be therefore pointed out that the public rejected the play on account of its aesthetic drawbacks as well as for national and political reasons, instinctive or conscious. Sudermann was mistaken in thinking that it is already possible in Germany to sneer publicly at liberalism, which, although a corpse, is not yet buried and forgotten.

When I have mentioned *Susanna im Bade*, by Hugo Salus—who was successful in concentrating the biblical story into one act, and thus avoided the faults of other dramatists who have taken up the same subject; Werner von Oesteren's *Domitian*, a good drama and not a dramatization of history as is usually the case; and Elizabeth von Berge's *Heinrich von Kleist*, interesting on account of its principal character, I have exhausted the list of plays written on a historical background or having some connection with history.

II.

The so-called *Heimatkunst* of Germany is remarkable for increasing our familiarity with the soul, the life and manners of the country. Max Halbe was for a long time very unsuccessful, but his perseverance was rewarded in 1902 by the success of a drama called *Hans Rosenhangen*, and dedicated: "To my country, in faithful remembrance," and it must be stated that, notwithstanding the fact that German patriotism in general is manifested by sneering at the Poles, there is true patriotism in this work—not the military patriotism which is brandishing the sword, but the patriotism which is so necessary to the Germans, the love of their native soil, the vigilant guarding of that which they have inherited from their fore-

fathers. It is an old and very trite subject in German plays, and Anzengruber has given us several types of peasants who commit crimes on account of their attachment to the land. The charm of Halbe's drama lies in the moulding of his characters as well as in the poetic uniting of realism with a soft, almost lyrical sentiment. One seems to breathe the exhalation of new turned earth. The same Max Halbe has also taken from the soil the subject of his other drama, *Der Strom*, which is a more healthy one, as it is based upon love, without any admixture of race hatred. The River Vis-tula is the hero of the play, and is conceived very poetically and profoundly, having something of the quality which the sea possesses in Ibsen's works. The river loves the people living on its banks, but conscious of its strength and majesty, it punishes any who trifle with its might. On that motive Halbe has built his drama, whose rich and interesting details I could only bring out by analyzing the play at considerable length. But beside this praise must be placed some criticism, for while in the description of the hard lot of a peasant's life and in the dramatic conflict one can trace the hand of an artist and a psychologist, one cannot help noticing that the subject is rather cut out for a novel than a play, for it is difficult to put it into five acts—acts sometimes less dramatic than that which happens unseen by the spectators between the acts. Then the introduction of the social question is very unfortunate, although it is specially interesting, because there it affects not the industrial workmen whom Hauptmann described in his "Weavers," but the farm laborers.

To the same category of plays belongs Wilhelm Schmidt-Bonn's *Mutter Landstrasse*, which, although not free from a very grave drawback, contains so much true talent, and—what is very

rare in our time—sincere poetry, that I do not hesitate to hope that the young author will reveal himself as a great literary individuality. Wilhelm Schmidt-Bonn in 1903 joined the guild of novelists with his short stories, which represented with sincerity and truth the country and people living on the shores of the Lower Rhine. This drama touches a chord which is less familiar in other countries than in Germany, for nowhere else, except in Russia, through Maxim Gorky, has wandering throughout the world without penny, but with joy in the heart, been so poetically dealt with.

Wem Gott will rechte Gunst erweisen,
Den schickt Er in die weite Welt,
Dem will Er seine Wunder weisen
In Berg und Wald und Strom und Feld,

sings the romantic Eichendorff. Romanticism blows also from Schmidt-Bonn's drama, especially from its first scenes, where three jolly wanderers take leave at a crossway. Soon, however, the spectator sees that the axle of the play is the old Hebraic story about the prodigal son. Its principal defect lies in the conflict between the father and son; for it is impossible to imagine to oneself a father so hard-hearted as to set the dogs on his hungry and miserable child, no matter how bad the son might be. There are also many faults in the dramatic construction, but all that is redeemed by the qualities of the dialogue, which elevate this play to the head of the list of pieces produced during the last three years on the German stage for its pure poetry, cordial feeling and simple freshness.

Quite a different atmosphere is felt in the cycle of four one-act plays by Arthur Schnitzler: *Lebendige Stunden*, *Die Frau mit dem Dolche*, *Die letzten Masken*, *Literatur*. In all these pieces the principal character is a poet, who represents the conflict of literature

with life, the power of literature and art absorbing the artist entirely and making him more or less incapable for or indifferent to practical life, an egoistic literary observer of life for artistic purposes. The value of these pieces varies much, and the prevalent tone is lyrical.

Rudolf Hawel's *Die Politiker* had a great but not lasting success. The principal motive of the play is a fight between the Liberals and the Christian-Socialists, which is more interesting to the politician and sociologist than to the critic of art. A much deeper impression has been made by Franz Adam Beyerlein's *Zapfenstreich*, which was the sensation of the season, like *Alt Heidelberg* in 1903 although in putting those two plays beside each other I do not mean that they have the same literary value, for Beyerlein's play was the best drama of 1904 and without counting *Zapfenstreich* amongst the famous masterpieces, one must say that its principal character, Sergeant Volkhardt, may take his place in the gallery of tragic fathers, like *Odoardo Galotti*, *Musikus Miller* and *Meister Anton*.

Franz Beyerlein proved to be a better dramatist than novelist, for the tedious dragging action of his novel was changed into rapid movement in his drama, and every scene gives evidence of a conscientious progress, while Fritz Oswald Bilse, the author of that sensational and very weak novel, *Aus einer Kleiner Garnison*, has revealed his total lack of strength in his drama called *Wahrheit*. The ex-lieutenant thought that to call his play "Truth," and repeat the same word several times in every act, was sufficient to produce a drama à *thèse*, in which he was very much mistaken.

Three classes, peasants, teachers and soldiers—or, as the Germans say, *Der Nähr, Lehr und Wehr-Stand*—seem to be the most important in German society,

and these three accordingly occupy the first place in German drama. The German dramatists are therefore most successful on those three fields, and this circumstance causes the modern drama to resemble that of the times of *Sturm und Drang*, when the public were also fond of "professional pieces." Sometimes a character representing the profession of medicine is introduced, and this is done according to a pattern: should the character be an effeminate one, they will make of him a physician for children or women, but if surgical instruments are introduced then there will sit in his study an energetic, severe man, more or less stubborn and even brutal. This is ridiculous; but notwithstanding that Hermann Bahr is himself a critic who uses ridicule, he has committed that same error in his play *Der Meister*, in which he wished, as it seems, to represent a personification of absolute force and individuality, something like Nietzsche's *Übermensch*, transplanted into real life and applied to practical conditions. The result, however, was a man of wood or stone, perchance an able tamer of beasts, but unbearable in his relations to other people, and for whom, consequently, one could not expect any sympathy.

Arthur Schnitzler, on the contrary, has given in his *Der einsame Weg* a type of a forlorn, solitary man; and his play is full of delicate coloring, half-tones, reflections and spiritual thought.

It is painful for me to write about Gerhart Hauptmann, for from the author of *The Sunken Bell* one expected that he would eliminate realism from his art. This expectation, however, has not been fulfilled, either in *Biber Peltz*, or in *Schluck und Janem*, or in *Michael Kramer*. *Der Rote Hahn* was a failure. The dramatist called it a "tragi-comedy," an unfortunate title, the same as is a comic epopee, a parody of a great epic poem, being a sickly union of two contradictory ele-

ments and testifying to an unwise confusion of aesthetic ideas—a sin which a great poet will never commit. But even if we were to admit that a tragi-comedy belongs to dramatic art, then at least it must fulfil two conditions. First, it should be really a tragi-comedy. Secondly, its contents should justify it as such. The first condition does not need any explanation; about the second one might say that a poet who has no particular reason for expressing his thoughts in tragi-comedy rather than in any other kind of pure poetry falls from the heights of such poetry to the level of a plaything. Hauptmann's tragi-comedy satisfies neither of those two conditions. It is only a comedy ended by the sudden death of the principal character—an event not justified by anything in the play. And, again, there is no necessity for that kind of weak drama, for everything that the poet wished to say he had said before he came to the catastrophe. Hauptmann went wrong through his absolute realism. That defeat was in 1902. In the following year the news spread that he was writing a new drama, and it was accepted by his friends half joyfully, for they hoped that he would win a new success; knowing however that the subject of the new play was a certain legend of the twelfth century, they did not know whether or how the dramatist would be able to overcome the difficulties of such a plot. It would be very interesting to point out how far he has done this in *Der arme Heinrich*, but I must limit myself to stating that, although Hauptmann has united mysticism with sensuousness—to which I object—as he did in *Hannele*, I find in his last drama a work beautiful on the whole, although faulty in many details. *The Sunken Bell* was more harmonious, but "Poor Henry," after so many failures, nevertheless proves that Hauptmann has great talent. His last play, *Rose*

Bernd, reminds us of *Führer Henschel*, and testifies that he is very fond of walking in the ways of realism, and in that regard both plays are remarkable.

The natural limitations of a review article prevent me from speaking even briefly of Hermann Bahr's *Der Apostel*, George Hierschfeld's *Der junge Goldner*, Otto Ernst's *Fluchmann als Erzieher*, Ludwig Thoma's *Die Medaille*, Fritz Somerland's *Streik*, Frank Wedekind's *Marquis von Keith*, E. von Keyserling's *Peter Haezel*, Wilhelm von Polenz' *Junker und Fröhner*, Joseph Lauff's *Der Heerohme*, Franz Kranewitter's *André Hofer*, George Hierschfeld's *Der Weg zum Licht*, Max Halbe's *Walpurgistag*, Felix Philippi's *Das Grosse Licht*, Alfred Hossig's *Die Hochstapler*, Rudolf Hawel's *Mutter Sorge*, Ludwig Hun's *Erstarrte Menschen*, Karl Schönerr's *Sonnenwendtag*, Richard Nordmann's *Der blaue Bogen*, Felix Holländer and Lothar Schmidt's *Ackerman*, Gottfrid Reuling's *Der Schatzgräber*, and Ludwig Thoma's *Die Lokalbahn*. But I must say something about Frank Wedekind's *So ist das Leben*, for the play is very interesting; it brings out all the dramatist's failings and good qualities. Not to dwell on its elegance, its refined technique, its reminiscences of primitive theatrical art from the time of the mysteries, its biting irony is mingled with tenderness, and with jewels of the purest poetry and the greatest wisdom. But that which is lacking in *So ist das Leben*, and which is necessary to Wedekind's psychology, is found in his two other tragedies: *Lulu* and *Die Büchse der Pandora*. To the diverse and very often contradictory elements of the soul of that most "modern" of German poets there is joined an awe-strik-

ing nihilism, a real moral insanity; I repeat that Wedekind's nihilism arouses awe, for every unprejudiced person will feel that the author represents the baseness of man, not because he is fond of mire, but in order that from the midst of the threatening gloom of the animal man there may wake up man's soul, such as it is in its most mysterious elements and which the gods *gnädig bedecken mit Nacht und Grauen*.

It is a long cry from Hofmannsthal's *Electra* to Wedekind's *Lulu*, although both plays treat of the man-animal. In *Electra* it is set on the background of a false antiquity, in *Lulu* it is squeezed into a distorted modernity. It would be false, however, to consider those two plays as opposite poles of an axle around which turns the literature of modern German drama. From the literary point of view neither Hofmannsthal nor Wedekind is a typical representative of the German theatre, such as are the playwrights who work on the field of realistic *Heimatkunst* and the authors of dramas based on current political and social problems. These are the writers who predominate by their number as well as by the quantity of their work, and give its true color to the German drama. *Electra* and *Lulu* were played in a small theatre, and visited by a small number of people who would have no right to say that they represented the German nation, which crowded the theatre in which *Rose Bernd* and *Zapfenstreich* were performed. The whole German soul is still in such plays as these, notwithstanding the other tendency mentioned at the beginning of this paper.

S. C. de Soissons.

FOOTBALL AND POLO IN CHINA.

It was on the 9th of November, 1905, while watching the Cambridge University team make their splendid stand against the famous "All Blacks," that I began to wonder if any one would take an interest in, or even believe, the fact that football was played by the Chinese several centuries before Julius Cæsar landed in Britain. Some Chinese authors, indeed, have mixed up football with polo, though both games have been described separately, and with considerable detail, by more exact scholars. There is little or no excuse, moreover, for such a jumble, as the various characters used for football all contain the element *foot*, which naturally suggests kicking; whereas all those used for polo contain the element *hand*, which is equally suggestive of striking. One writer actually says, "Ball-striking (polo) is the old game of ball-kicking (football)." Another writer, after a similar remark, adds, "for kicking and striking are the same thing." Of the two, football is by far the older game. Its invention has been ascribed, *cum omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, to the mythical Yellow Emperor of the third millennium B.C. Others assign its appearance to the age of the Warring States, third and fourth centuries B.C., when it formed part of the military curriculum of the day, and was a means of training soldiers and of putting their powers to a test. It is generally admitted to have been originally a military exercise, and a handbook on football, in twenty-five chapters, is said to have been in existence under the Han dynasty, say two thousand years ago.

The historian Ssu-ma Ch'ien, who died about B.C. 80, in his biographical notice of Su Ch'in of the third century B.C., has the following passage: "Lin-

tzu (capital of the Ch'i State) was very rich and powerful. There were none among its inhabitants who did not perform on the pipes, or on some stringed instrument, fight cocks, race dogs, dice, or play football."

Football (*tsu chü*) is mentioned more than once in the *History of the Han Dynasty*, B.C. 206—A.D. 25; and the famous commentator Yen Shih-ku, who died in 645, provides the following note: "*Tsu* is to kick with the foot; *chü*, the ball, is made of leather and stuffed, and is kicked about for amusement." In one passage we are told how the great general Ho Ch'u-ping, when campaigning in the north, and almost destitute of provisions for his troops, "hollowed out a place for them to play football in," whatever that may mean.

In the *Hsi ching tsa chi* we read:

The Emperor, Ch'eng Ti, B.C. 32-6, was fond of football; but his officers represented to him that it was both physically exhausting and also unsuitable to the Imperial dignity. His Majesty replied: We like playing; and what one chooses to do is not exhausting. An appeal was then made to the Empress, who suggested the game of tiddlywinks for the Emperor's amusement.

Towards the close of the Eastern Han dynasty (end of the second century A.D.) it appears from the *Kuei chi tien lu*, quoted in the *Tai ping yü lan*, that the Emperor made archery and riding his chief business, and in his private life gave himself up to football, the result being that literary studies ceased to be cultivated as before. The *Mirror of History* does not disdain to record that the Emperor Hsi Tsung of the T'ang dynasty, who was almost wholly given up to sport of various

kinds of which football, cockfighting, and polo are especially mentioned, in the year 881 put to death a loyal Minister for venturing to remonstrate on the subject.

The ball, as originally used by the Chinese, was a round bag made of leather, or, as a poet tells us,

Eight pointed strips of leather made into a ball,

and was stuffed with hair; its roundness or otherwise does not seem to have been a matter of great importance. But from the fifth century onwards, the ball was filled with air, and its name was changed from *chü* to *ch'iu*, and roundness became an essential, because the ball was required "to roll, as well as to fly through the air." One authority, already quoted, says that the air-ball dates only from the T'ang dynasty, and adds that "two long bamboos were set up, several tens of feet in height, and with a silken net stretched across, over which the ball had to be kicked. The players formed themselves into two parties, and the game was decided by points."

A writer who has dealt very fully with the game, and to whom we owe many of the following particulars, states as follows:

To inflate a football seems easy, but is really difficult. The ball must not be very hard, or it will be too bouncy, and full force cannot be used in kicking. Neither must it be very flabby, or you will have an opposite result, and the ball will not travel when kicked. It should be about nine-tenths full of air; this will be found to hit off the mean.

Several writers have left us accounts of actual games: "On the Emperor's birthday two teams played football before the imperial pavilion. A goal was set up, of over thirty feet in height, adorned with gaily colored silks, and

having an opening of over a foot in diameter." The object of each side appears to have been to kick the ball through the opening, the players taking it in turns to kick, and points being scored accordingly. The winners "were rewarded with flowers, fruit, wine, and even silver bowls and brocades. The captain of the losing side was flogged, and suffered other indignities!"

In an illustration of a Chinese football goal the player who is kicking is placed in the middle, while on his right and left are seen the positions of those who have not and those who have already kicked, respectively. Immediately behind the actual player stands the *ch'iso së*, whose function it appears to be to hand the ball to the captain during the progress of the game. There is also the net-keeper, who throws back the ball when it has failed to go through. The duties of the other attendants are not explained. The score consists of major and minor points, which are gained in particular ways; and there is a regular terminology to be used by the players, such as *ace*, *deuce*, *tray*, &c., besides other phrases peculiar to the game. As regards play, "the body should be straight as a pencil; the hands should hang down, as though carrying things; there should be great elasticity of movement; and the feet should be as though jumping or skipping." There are over seventy different kinds of kicks enumerated, besides endless over-elaboration in minor details. Kicking is forbidden under eleven separate conditions which constitute "fouls"; but no penalties seem to be attached; and all play is to be avoided in ten special cases, such as on windy days, when the ground is slippery, after wine, by candlelight, &c.

Besides the game of kicking a ball through a hole in a goal, the Chinese, to judge from another illustration in a well-known encyclopædia, must have had some other form of play with foot

and ball. This supposition is borne out by several passages—e.g., in reference to a Taoist priest of the sixteenth century, who was a good player, we read, “He used shoulders, back, breast, and belly, to take the place of his feet; he could withstand several antagonists, making the ball run around his body without dropping.” Then again, in an account of a game, we have such sentences as, “The ball was never away from the foot, nor the foot from the ball”; in fact, “dribbling,” which would be meaningless as applied to the game described above.

It only remains to add that the names of several great footballers have been handed down to posterity, as witness: “Wang Ch’i-sou was a man of great talent; not one of the nine branches of learning came amiss to him. In the *Hsian-ho* period (1119-1126) his reputation as a footballer was spread over the empire.”

K’ung Kuei, a descendant of Confucius, is said to have excelled at football; and there was also a man named Chang Fên, who often, at the Fu-kan Temple, would kick a ball half as high as the pagoda.

A poet, named Li Yu, who flourished between A.D. 50 and A.D. 130, has left us an inscription which he wrote for a football ground:

A round ball and a square wall,
Suggesting the shapes of the *Yin* and
the *Yang*,¹
The ball flying across like the moon,
While the two teams stand opposed.
Captains are appointed, and take their
places,
According to unchanging regulations.
No allowances are made for relation-
ship;
There must be no partialities.
But there must be determination and
coolness,
Without the slightest irritation at
failure....

¹ The two creative principles in nature, developed from the Great Monad.

And if all this is necessary for football,
How much more so for the business of
life!

Polo seems to have become known to the Chinese under the T’ang dynasty, or from about A.D. 600 onwards, when it was first considered by some writers, as stated above, to be a revival of football, though it was, no doubt, quite a separate game, learnt most probably by the Chinese from the conquered Tartars. The earliest mention of the game is by Shên Ch’üan-ch’i, a poet who died in 713, and it was in reference to a game played before the Emperor and his Court in the year 710:

His Majesty, who was paying a visit to his famous Pear Garden, had given orders that all officials *above* the third grade were to take part in the game; but certain eminent statesmen were worn out and aged, the consequence being that they were tumbled over on to the ground, and remained there, unable to rise, to the great amusement of the Emperor, Empress, and Court ladies, who all shouted with laughter at the sight.

The son and heir of this precious monarch was the famous Emperor who ruled China from 712 to 756; brilliantly in his earlier years, surrounding himself, as he did, with men of distinction in literature, science, and art; later on giving way to dissipation and extravagance, until rebellion drove him from the throne. Not content merely to watch polo, he used to play himself. A poet who lived two or three hundred years afterwards has left us this verse on

THE EMPEROR MING HUANG PLAYING POLO.

The thousand doors of the palace are open, when in broad daylight
San Lang comes back, very drunk,
from polo....
Ah! Chiu-ling is old and Han Hsiu is
dead;
To-morrow there will be none to come
forward with remonstrance.

Public opinion seems always to have been against the appearance of Emperors upon the polo field, and many of the remonstrances of loyal statesmen have been preserved. Ma Tê-ch'én, who died about 984, disgusted that his Majesty "played polo to excess," presented a long memorial on the subject, from which the following is an extract:

Your servant has heard that when two of your Majesty's predecessors went out boar-hunting and hawking, and when their Ministers remonstrated with them, they joyfully followed the advice given. Now, your Majesty takes delight in polo (literally horse-ball), and your foolish servant has found on reflection three reasons why this is not a fitting sport, and will state them even at the risk of the axe.

(1) When sovereign and subject play together, there must be contention. If the sovereign wins, the subject is ashamed; if the former loses, the latter exults. That is one reason.

(2) To jump on a horse and swing a club, galloping madly here and there, with no distinctions of rank, but only eager to be first and to win, is destructive of all ceremony between sovereign and subject. That is a second reason.

(3) To make light of the responsibilities of empire, just for an hour's enjoyment, and run even the remote risk of an accident, is to disregard obligations to the State and to her Imperial Majesty the Empress. That is the third reason.

If your Majesty does not deem my words of small matter, graciously bestow a glance thereon; for the happiness of the empire is what all your Majesty's servants desire.

When this memorial was handed in, we are told, "the Emperor sighed over its excellence for a long time."

Polo was, as it still is, a sufficiently dangerous game. In 901 an important statesman was killed, and about twenty years previously a general lost an eye.

The latter had reached his high posi-

tion entirely through his skill at football; and as a solatium for his lost eye he was promoted to be President of the Board of Works. So that it was not without cause that the gifted consort of an emperor, who died in 859 from an injudicious dose of the elixir of life, hearing that an official was teaching his Majesty to play polo, sent for him and said, "You are a subject, and it is your duty to aid the Emperor to walk in the right path. Can this be done by teaching him to play? If I hear any more of this I will have you well flogged."

In 1163, the reigning Emperor, who suppressed banqueting and encouraged athletics, had a very awkward accident. He had issued instructions for polo to be played regularly;

in the event of wind and rain, the ground was to be covered with a kind of oiled cloth well sprinkled with sand. His ministers, because of the importance of the Imperial life, were unwilling that his Majesty should expose himself to danger, and handed in many memorials, to none of which any attention was paid. One day, the Emperor decided to join in the game; and after playing for a short time, he lost control of his pony. The animal bolted under a verandah, the eaves of which were very low; there was a crash, and the terror-stricken attendants crowded around to help. The pony had got through, and his Majesty was left hanging by his hands to the lintel. He was at once lowered to the ground; but there was no trace of alarm on his face, and, pointing to the direction taken by the pony, he quietly gave orders for its recapture, at which the spectators cried out *Wan sui! Wan sui!* (Long live the Emperor!—the Japanese *Banza!*)

The Kitan Tartars were great archers and polo-players, and we are told that their successors, the Nü-ch'én Tartars, carried on the tradition. On festival days the whole Court would appear in full dress on the polo ground, and after worshipping God with offerings of food

and wine and other ceremonies, the Emperor would change his dress for the various sports. There was archery to begin with; and,

when that was over, there was a game of polo. The players mounted well-trained ponies, and each one was provided with a club (ball-staff), of a good many feet in length, and shaped at one end like the crescent moon. They were then divided into two teams, the object of contention to both sides being a ball. Previously, at the south end of the ground, two poles had been set up, with boarding in between, in which a hole had been cut, having a net attached to it in the form of a bag. That side which could strike the ball into the bag were the winners. Some say that the two teams were ranged on opposite sides of the ground, each with its own goal, and that victory was gained by driving the ball through the enemy's goal. The ball itself was as small as a man's fist, made of a light but hard wood, and painted red.

Thus we read that when the young Duke of Lu was playing polo, and the ball fell into the hollow stump of a tree, his Grace poured in water and floated it out.

As regards ponies, it has already been stated that these animals were specially trained, and it may be added that in the year 951 a present of polo ponies, together with suits of clothes for the players, was conveyed by a Chinese envoy to the Court of the Kitan

The Nineteenth Century and After.

Tartars. Ponies, however, were not the only animals employed. We are told that the Prince of Ting-hsiang, under the T'ang dynasty, "taught his ladies to play polo on donkey-back, providing them with inlaid saddles and jewelled bridles, together with the clothes and other paraphernalia required." Elsewhere we read that under the Sung dynasty "over a hundred young men dressed up as women, with bound feet and ornamental veils hanging down their backs, half of them in red and half in green brocaded robes, with elegant girdles and silken shoes, mounted on donkeys with carved saddles and ornamental trappings." Then they divided into two sides under their respective captains, and played polo for the amusement of the Court. So great, indeed, was the enthusiasm for polo, that it was played even by night, the ground being illuminated by a huge display of candles. Extravagant rewards were heaped upon polo-players, and also upon footballers, who were actually received in audience by admiring Emperors. In 881, when there was a question of certain official posts to be filled up, the Emperor caused the four candidates to play a polo tournament, and allotted the chief post to the winner. The climax is perhaps reached when a maker of polo clubs, as duly recorded in the *Book of Marvels*, was taken up to heaven in broad daylight.

Herbert A. Giles.

BEAUJEU.

CHAPTER XII.

IN HOLBORN FIELDS.

Mr. Healy has left it upon record that M. de Beaujeu had always "a decent, natural affection for green fields." Also he "put a proper value on his own legs." So it seems they

went often walking to the Islington pastures in that idle spring, and, returning one day across Holborn Fields, observed Mr. Dane in a hurry westward bound.

"Romeo goes to his pure Juliet," said Beaujeu with an ugly laugh.

Mr. Healy waited for it to end.

Then, "And will you be jealous?" said he quietly.

"Jealous? Who, I?" Beaujeu laughed. "But I'd not have the boy tie himself to a draggled theatre wench."

"'Tis benevolent in you," said Healy, and suddenly gripped Beaujeu's arm and stopped him behind a hedge.

For Mr. Dane had become part of a drama. Before him was a fellow in faded brocade with a draggled feather, and this hero had paused to settle his dingy ruffles where all the road was muddy save for two feet's space by the hedge. Mr. Dane had tried to slip round with an easy, "By your favor, sir," when the faded hero started suddenly forward and pushed him into the mire.

"Curse and confound me, sir," he cried. "Who a pox are you to jostle a King's officer?"

"The jostling was of your own awkwardness, sir," cried Jack Dane.

"Death and hell, fellow! No man shall use such words to me!" and the faded hero put up his cane to strike.

Jack Dane caught it and slashed it across his eyes: "So begad! And now I am your man when and where you will."

The bully had staggered back and was rubbing his eyes and swearing. Jack Dane laughed. "Beggar you, how do I know you're a man of honor?" growled the bully at last, still blinking.

"Faith, I should say you are little able to judge, sir."

"Enough, fellow, enough. Oons, but I'll teach you manners!"

Jack Dane bowed. "Where you have learnt them yourself, sir?" he enquired politely.

"So you shall never need them this side hell, sirrah."

"Oh, your humble servant without more words—Jack Dane I am, and you can hear of me at Locket's. Your friend will wait on me soon, doubtless," and with that he was going.

The bully caught his cloak: "Od's blood, sirrah, do you cry off? Odso, you shall fight now or taste the cane!"

"As I tasted just now? Well, sir, where you will, and the quicker the better."

At once the bully became courteous; he smiled and bowed, and "I like to meet a gentleman," said he.

Behind the hedge Healy and Beaujeu exchanged glances.

"There is a very pleasant meadow fifty yards away, sir, if you will do me the favor," said the bully, and parodied the fashionable bow.

"Sure and we will," Mr. Healy muttered.

The bully led the way. Jack Dane followed without a word. They turned off by a narrow muddy footpath across the fields, climbed a stile, and then the bully stopped and turned to Jack Dane. His red blotched face wore a grin. Mr. Healy and Beaujeu, silent gentlemen of great experience, were again behind the hedge. "This will serve us, sir," said the bully with another bow to Jack.

Jack Dane looked round him. The sun was almost gone and the twilight shadows fell long and dark. On one side was a hazel copse, on the other the blackthorn hedge of Mr. Healy, between the two a strip of dank grass. The bully watched him with anxious eye. "Well, sir, well!" he cried. "My time is short!"

Jack Dane flung off his coat: "Pray remember—'tis by your choice that we are alone," said he. Beaujeu and Healy grinned at each other.

The bully showed a broken set of teeth: "Do you cry off now, sir?" he asked, sneering. Jack tossed down hat and coat and periwig, drew his sword and came forward bald and ready. More slowly the bully dropped his cloak, then clapped his hat firm on his head and saluted.

Jack stared. "Why, will you fight in your wig?" he cried.

"'Twill do for you sir," snarled the bully, "and——"

"Oho, oho," muttered Mr. Healy, and Beaujeu and he, silent and swift, marched for the strategic position—the stile.

The swords crossed and clashed.

The bully kept his distance, breaking ground again and again. Jack Dane pressed on sharply and the bully fairly ran from him. But, "Rustic, mighty rustic," says Beaujeu critically, and "Sure we'll not be learning much here," quoth Mr. Healy. But then from the hazel copse came the crash of bushes and trampling feet. Three men more rushed upon Jack Dane, who swung round and sprang away from them to the hedge.

Mr. Healy trussed his cloak about his arm, vaulted the stile, and dashed in between the four points and Jack. Mr. Healy's blue rapier whirled, a singing circle of light in the air, and the four bullies stumbled back, hampering each other. Mr. Healy shook loose his cloak and flapped it in their faces, and sprang in under their points and pinked a sword-arm neatly, and was out of reach again in an instant. So Mr. Healy, a giant of agility, and Jack Dane was for trying to copy Mr. Healy's so simple deed, and had come doubtless to an end untimely but for Healy's cry of horror. "Be easy, now, will you? Be easy! Don't flush my covey." He was himself fainting, had only three points against him (for one hero was cursing and binding his arm), and was vastly happy.

Towards the flicker of Mr. Healy's blade M. de Beaujeu came delicately, swinging his cane.

The wounded hero saw him, and "Damme, boys, it's a diddle!" he roared, and was the first to run. But the others stood on no order in their going. They turned together and fled, Mr.

Healy and Jack hotfoot on their heels, to the copse.

M. de Beaujeu was left in the midst swinging his cane. He heard some stamping, some oaths, then the gallop of horses. Then Mr. Healy came back laughing with his arm through Jack's. "Faith, Mr. Dane, never look so glum! They have their *in memoriam*. Two arms and one in the ribs, begad!" He picked up the cloak of the departed bully and wiped the blood from his rapier.

"I fear, Mr. Dane, we intrude?" said Beaujeu.

"Why, well for me you did! But I wish to God we had caught them."

"And who were they?" says Mr. Healy.

"Zounds, I would give ten pounds to know."

"Well, do you know I could guess," says Mr. Healy.

While Jack stared at him Beaujeu said coldly:

"'Tis no riddle, Mr. Dane. My lord Sherborne fights for his rights."

"Zounds, sir, do you say Mistress Charlbury is his?"

Beaujeu laughed. "Nay, doubtless not his alone. 'Tis a lady of general kindness. But he appears to prosecute trespassers."

"Sir, if you mean insult to her——"

"Mr. Dane, I could not," said Beaujeu bowing. "Are you breathed, Healy? Let us be walking. Believe me, Mr. Dane, we speak and we act as your friends. A good-night."

Jack Dane made an ungracious bow and they parted.

Mr. Healy glanced at his friend: "'Tis the first time you've left me alone in a fight," said he.

"I would have had the boy schooled."

"You would be having him killed to teach him morals? 'Tis an austere affection that you have for him."

"He is all my kin in the world, and

I'll not have him break his life for a wench."

"Sure and you love that same wench dearly, do ye not?"

Beaujeu smiled in the gloom.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BENEVOLENCE OF M. DE BEAUJEU.

There was a crowd in Jeremy's. Coffee, smoke and snuff loaded the air, and fine gentlemen (who had all called themselves Whigs four years earlier) scraped each other's legs with their rapiers as they turned to whisper or listen. Rumors were flying about the town of quarrels at Court and the Council Board, so "when thieves fall out" they said at Jeremy's and debated politics marvellously. But in the window stood Mr. Wharton jesting on all heaven and earth, in a corner sat M. de Beaujeu alone smoking a pipe of his own Turkish tobacco, by the door a little man with bright eyes was teasing a waiter, and the three contrived to look careless.

A man came hurrying in with news writ large upon his face. He appeared to look for a friend, found one, and whispered something in his ear. A loud "Now, damme!" drew others in, and soon there was a covey chattering like rooks.

"Faith, they have a joke there," said Mr. Wharton. "What is the *mot*, Temple?"

One turned and looked round the room. "My Lord Halifax is struck off the Council," says he in awe-stricken tones.

The buzz of talk died suddenly. My Lord Halifax was the one man on King James's Council with a name for honesty.

"And Sunderland turns Papist!" the awed voice spake in the silence.

The fine gentlemen in Jeremy's stared at each other and spake not. Here was cataclysm indeed! So the

King would have none but knaves to serve him, and Papist knaves at that! Then who was safe, or what? They were mightily exercised, and their eyes half-timorous, half-suspicious of their best friends. M. de Beaujeu glanced round curiously, and observed that the little man with bright eyes was doing the same. They two alone were unmoved. And the silence endured save for the waiter's footsteps. Then Mr. Wharton laughed loud. All turned to stare at him and still he laughed.

"Egad, gentlemen, you are a feeble folk," said he, and he laughed again. They crowded around him to ask what he thought. "Faith, I never think," laughed Wharton. "What, will you weep because Sunderland has found salvation? Sure, 'tis a gay day in heaven." He looked at his watch. "Well, we'll never miss him in hell. And I have the most pressing business. I have kept the lady waiting an hour. I'll have no time to stay for your *Te Deum* for Sunderland's soul." And so he went out laughing. But M. de Beaujeu from behind his blue cloud of smoke observed a glance pass between him and the little man with bright eyes. Beaujeu paid his reckoning. In a moment the little man went out and Beaujeu attended him ten yards off.

So a procession of three went eastward along the Strand with Mr. Wharton in the van. Mr. Wharton went straight to his house in the Lincoln's Inn Fields, and was surprised by M. de Beaujeu arriving on the steps shoulder to shoulder with the little man.

"So you never think, Mr. Wharton?" said Beaujeu smiling. "You are perhaps, like the King?"

Wharton stared at him, then broke out laughing. "You are passably diabolical," said he. "Come in with you!"

They passed to an inner room, and Mr. Wharton gave some care to lock-

ing the door. "Now, do you know each other?" he asked.

"Oons," says the little man, helping himself to wine. "I think the gentleman will know me again. He stared enough in Jeremy's."

"Sir, 'twas your philosophic composure that attracted me. I am Thomas de Beaujeu, a Huguenot gentleman, and heartily of your—philosophic—party."

The little man laughed. "And I am Will Green, and no gentleman. I write the news' letters, and so I am drinking Mr. Wharton's wine."

"Damme, Will, give the devil his due," cried Mr. Wharton. "My door was open before you fell to news' writing. Mr. Green is my friend, Beaujeu."

Beaujeu bowed. "I shall hope to see him mine," said he gravely.

The little man stiffened himself with a comical air of dignity, filled his glass, and pledged them. Then he filled it again and drank and smacked his lips. "Odso, Mr. Wharton, the King is a fool," he said with a small malicious smile.

Beaujeu smiled at Wharton: "Mr. Wharton proposes to thank God for it," said he.

"Plain duty, Mr. Wharton, no less," said Mr. Green chuckling, and spread out a big sheet of paper. "Mark ye, sir," he tapped it and looked at Beaujeu, "this goes for gospel in five shires."

"I compliment the evangelist." Beaujeu bowed.

Mr. Green chuckled. "Now, gentlemen, we begin mysterious. It works on your country squire. Strange rumors fly about the town. Honest men know not what to believe. 'Tis general talk that the hour is big with trouble for Church and State—and so forth. I'll put something of embroidery to that. Then we go on: it may not be denied that late changes in the

Church have sorely troubled the minds of good Protestants. The Deanery of Christ Church is given to a Papist, Dr. John Massey, who ——"

"Eh, is that true?" cried Wharton.

"'Tis too dangerous to lie, Mr. Wharton."

"How did you hear?"

"'Tis the quality of the news' writer to have long ears," quoth Mr. Green. "We dilate upon masses in Oxford chapels, and then at the end we'll fire the great guns. 'Tis lately published that my lord Halifax is dismissed the Council. My lord Sunderland, who remains, hath turned Papist; and I'll close shortly: On these things 'tis too dangerous to comment. Honest men are much anxious. In the country you will know what to think."

"Very neat, Will," said Wharton. "Devilish neat. It will flutter their honest dovecotes." He took up a pipe. "And how will it end, Will; how will it all end?" He glanced keenly at the news' writer from half-shut eyes.

"How does it end when you fight a fool, Mr. Wharton? You wait on him, wait, wait!" the little man stood up and mimicked sword-play. "Wait till he lunges a thought too far, and then —paff! Exit Master Fool on a hurdle." Mr. Green folded up his paper, put it away, and took up his hat.

"A moment!" cried Wharton. "Papists are taking commissions in the army. Have that in, Will!" Mr. Green made a note on his paper and departed.

Wharton turned in his chair and met Beaujeu's eyes. "My own motto was *qui sait attendre*, 'Wharton,'" said Beaujeu quietly.

"You see how I wait," Wharton laughed, with a jerk of his head to the door. "But, mark you, Beaujeu, 'tis to-day first that I think there may be something to wait for. I am not sure of it now."

Beaujeu smoked on for a while. "I

suppose," he said slowly at last, "in your tender passages—with Lady Sunderland—you are urgent to convince her that her lord should keep the King as quiet as he can?"

"Why, begad, yes," cried Mr. Wharton. "Do I want him to hang us all?"

Beaujeu sighed. "You affect me to tears. Here are we yearning to see our good King set up the mass in Westminster—make Petre Archbishop—proclaim the Pope—and you must needs tell him 'twill be his ruin. My dear Wharton, 'tis merely the truth, so why the devil must you tell it?" Mr. Wharton gaped. "Pray reflect," says Beaujeu coolly. "Do you admire yourself as the saviour of Black James? Will you not tell your *amoureuse* that the country will bear anything, that 'tis the heart's desire of all to see good Father Petre Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury and old Sancroft burnt in Smithfield—or such fictions as your fertility provides? At least present me to Lady Sunderland as a gentleman who hath lately made a tour of the country and can assure her all the shires are vastly well affected to the King."

"You know," said Mr. Wharton pleasantly, "till I met you I thought I was something of a knave myself."

"Indeed, I perceive that you have the natural gift. You were perhaps less fortunate in early training."

"I was reared on psalms."

The Monthly Review.

(To be continued.)

H. C. Bailey.

"A LA GRANDE CHAUMIERE."

The name is interesting and suggestive. I suppose that there was about here some large thatched building, a dependency of the Luxembourg Palace: perhaps a dairy-farm, with broad meadows and clumps of great spread-

ing trees offering grateful shade from the sun ("frigus amabile") to cattle pasture-deep in rich herbage. But tiles and bricks and macadam have taken the place of thatch and timber and grass roads, and if there are cows and

"I also. But for my capacity I thank kind kinsfolk, and——"

"Lyndaraxa perhaps?" said Mr. Wharton sharply, and made Beaujeu flush to his periwig.

"You remind me——" said Beaujeu coldly. "But first let us provide for the Sunderlands."

Wharton laughed: "Zounds, I'm with you. And I'll make you known to my lady. Sure you'll not play me false with her, will you? My heart would break. But, begad, Beaujeu, remember 'twill be Greek and Greek."

"I believe I am passably Grecian. And now of Lyndaraxa. I would take it friendly if you would speak ill of her to my cousin Jack."

"Jealousy," says Mr. Wharton with unctuous, "is a sad vice."

Beaujeu's eyes flashed. Mr. Wharton observed his fingers clench on the pipe. "I would not have a theatre wench in my family," said Beaujeu sharply. "That is all my concern with Mistress Charlbury." He rose, and Wharton saw the blood still dark in his scarred cheek. "You'll do it, Wharton?"

Wharton shrugged his shoulders; "My tongue is modestly scandalous," he remarked.

Beaujeu nodded and went out. Mr. Wharton, left alone, drew a long breath, then sprang up, flung open the window and stood in the draught of cool fresh air. It was curiously grateful—after M. de Beaujeu.

dairy-maids in the neighborhood now, they are invisible except to the dreamer's eye.

Our little restaurant, "A la Grande Chaumière," is about halfway down the street on the north side, next to the great Academy of the quarter. If you breakfast with us on Mondays, you will see the Models waiting at the Academy doors for a week's engagement,—a chattering, laughing, vivid crowd, with eccentricities of person and costume brought into a calculated and lucrative relief. The old Italian crone sets off her face of wrinkled ivory with a handkerchief of bright yellow; the Moses or Job or Lear of a future salon heightens the majesty of flowing white locks and beard, bushy eyebrows, and alpine ruggedness of feature, with the mystery of a slouch hat and a huge enveloping cloak. The children's rags and griminess are stage rags and griminess; and as theatrical are the dark locks, plastered out in "raven's wing," and the other splendors, natural and factitious, of the Superior Model.

From our restaurant you can go into the Academy by a back way, and the Model occasionally steps down from the pedestal and slips in to take a modest snack with us. The Model, it should be observed for the credit of our establishment, does not come among us *qua* Model, but as a completely, even elegantly, clothed member of society.

Our restaurant, like an Indian divinity, has three heads. These are, Monsieur Jan, Madame, and Herr von Bismarck.

The stranger will be inclined to suppose that M. Jan is the husband of Madame. He will observe that the two wrangle with mild persistency; that Madame raises her voice when she talks to M. Jan; and that the latter allows himself an occasional trifling incivility in the direction of Madame. He may be even seen from time to

time to give her a push. These amenities, however, are not based on matrimony, but on a community of interests. Madame, while the friend and confederate of M. Jan, is the wife of von Bismarck. The intelligent stranger may observe that Madame in her turn pushes Herr von Bismarck.

M. Jan is a Pole. He speaks a fluent, highly incorrect French, and is slightly troubled with German and Russian. His linguistic infirmities confer on him the privilege of being at once misunderstood and respected by the clients. M. Jan has brought to perfection the science of elegantly doing nothing, or doing so little that it is almost imperceptible. He busies himself with the serviettes, makes memoranda in a small penny note-book, and arranges the wine for the day. In this latter process the chief factors are an air of mystery, the back of the counter, and the lower story of a grandfather's clock that is used as a cellar. The counter, behind which M. Jan avoids labor, is a magnificent structure in black oak that resembles a pew and suggests cathedral-lifting. On shelves about the room are ranged highly burnished cups and salvers of silver or Britannia ware. These are rumored to be the property of M. Jan, and, according to the metal of which they are made, they may be taken as indications of M. Jan's fall or rise in the world; for a man falls from silver and rises to Britannia ware. Some portraits of the order called "family," and the representation in oils of a nymph with, apparently, two pairs of knees, make for the silver theory, and suggest a day when the ancestors of M. Jan lived on the banks of the Vistula in a condition of polite brigandage.

When Madame's voice elevates itself a little above the average, and when the number of clients becomes confusingly large (confusion begins at the half-dozen), M. Jan metaphorically

throws the serviettes to the deuce, takes up "Le Matin," folds it with ferocity and lays it down with firmness, assumes his hat and walks out into the street, where he varies his function of doing nothing indoors with doing nothing on the edge of the pavement. Whereupon Madame frequently remarks between her teeth in the equivalent French, "And a very good riddance too."

Madame is a charming French lady, in whose case the question of age has not the least importance. She has the olive complexion and black bright eyes of the South. Her dark hair has been experimentally touched with gray by Time, who has been standing back to judge the effect for the ten years that I have known Madame. Time is highly satisfied, for the effect is excellent, and he makes no foolish attempt to improve on it. Madame has a neat matronly figure that she clothes on the week-day in artistic prints and on Sunday in imposing black silk. And whether in prints or silks, Madame has the mien of a marquise. When she serves you, you are perpetually reminded of the dignity of labor and the hopeless vulgarity of being waited on.

Madame does not indeed know your necessities before you ask, but she has such an amiable manner of suggesting these necessities that asking seems ignorance on your part. Thus it results that, preserving the appearance of free-will in the matter of meats, you are in reality the victim of the harshest predestination. It is only at the final stage that you recover liberty of choice.

"And for dessert?" asks Madame, with her best "chatelaine" manner. You feel that seigneurial hothouses, vineeries, and orangeries are opened to your modest supplementary twopence.

The Herr von Bismarck is our "chef." He is a three-quarter-size reproduction of the Iron Chancellor, and, partly to distinguish him from that great man,

he is known as Ernest. He shares with all his distinguished brothers of the *métier* the reputation of having made and lost enormous fortunes. For the material of Panama disasters, sugar "crashes," and other commercial disturbances would appear to have been chiefly furnished by French cooks. Ernest preserves about him no trace of his lost grandeur. He lives almost entirely in the kitchen, and revenges himself on life by putting large quantities of garlic in his dishes. Life, as represented by the clients, takes no notice.

After the clients have been served, M. Jan, Madame, and Herr von Bismarck take their food uncomfortably at a side-table. They are joined by the "help," an indefinite thing with a frail appetite, supposed of some to be remotely connected with the human race, and by one or two reduced "boarders." These are for the most part young gentlemen engaged in neighboring shops, who read "Le Matin" in pairs, with loud breathings, in stertorous silence. M. Jan and Madame wrangle gently during the meal, but if M. Jan's feelings become too much for him, he does not leave the table until after the soup, at least, has been discussed. For M. Jan is a man of discretion in his quarrels.

The *clientèle* is kaleidoscopic, with a predominant ray of artist. Perhaps that particular ray, while outwardly the most highly colored, possesses the least intrinsic interest. For an artist is often so completely wrapped up in himself that the result hardly rewards the process of removing the wrappers. It is the occasional clients that have more attraction for me.

There is the curious little Russian gentleman of mild face and speech, with a Dresden-china complexion and a savant's hair brushed up and back from his broad forehead. He lives, in public, on hot milk and sauerkraut. He is rumored to be a revolutionist of an

extreme type and to be mixed up with dynamite. I cannot help thinking that he must take small doses of that potent agent to assist his digestion.

A more frequent visitor is a French lady who is connected by bands of ancient friendship with Madame and of ancient religious differences with M. Jan. She is an untidy, flabby creature, whose clothing suggests a stuffily comfortable house in the provinces. She has an eternally hot and fatigued, rather peevish, air. While she waits for her dinner, she reads with a single gold-rimmed eyeglass in an ancient book of devotion or in a tattered English-French dictionary, and seems to derive equal edification from both. She discusses religious questions with M. Jan, and in these discussions M. Jan has most of the argument and she most of the warmth. She believes in the efficacious intervention of St. Anthony of Padua for the discovery of misplaced keys and lost money, and M. Jan does not. Hence their mutual regard. For it is small differences that are the best cement of great friendships.

Madame has a son, an abbé. He is a little, thin, weakly youth, whose length of nose would seem proportioned to his amiability of character. He sits very close to his mother, in a young-chicken attitude, and reads from her book. He allows himself to be led astray by Herr von Bismarck in the matter of *apéritifs*, and listens with an indulgent, rather stupid, air to the chef's

highly-spiced stories of the Great War. I fancy that Madame his mother grasps the dark meaning of these legends, while the abbé does not. Neither mother nor son is possessed of great mental powers; they could, I should think, put together one fair intellect between them.

Poor little abbé! Poor untidy old mother! There are times coming, already come, for your beloved Church, when amiability of character and warmth of blind zeal will not greatly help either you or her!

"And for dessert?" asks Madame, with her distinguished smile.

Yes, indeed. And for dessert, Monsieur l'Abbé?

I will confess to you, Monsieur l'Abbé, that I have the evil habit of dreaming with my eyes open. When I see Madame standing before you with her hands folded on her apron and her serviette over her arm, her head a little on one side as she asks you her amiable final question, occasionally a mist comes from somewhere, rises or descends, and in that mist I see Madame, not genial now but dark and perplexed, not "our" Madame any more but the Spirit of the Future. And you too, Monsieur l'Abbé, appear to me in that mist, not as my acquaintance of the Great Thatch restaurant but as a type of all abbés that shall be hereafter. And the Spirit of the Future puts that question to the Type—

"And for dessert, Monsieur l'Abbé?"

Charles Oliver.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE MAN WHO BLUNDERED.

I.

The bells were ringing as he got slowly out of the third-class smoking-carriage in which he had travelled down from London, drawn, almost against his will, by a power before which common-sense and cynicism

alike were helpless. He remembered how those bells had rung on the summer's day on which he came of age, and all the country side had thronged the smooth lawns of Elmhurst in honor of the event, and a sudden panic seized

him, like the stage-fright of an old actor who returns too late to the scene of his early triumphs, and realizes, with a pang of terror and regret, the infinite difference between the present and the past.

It seemed to him that the porter on the little platform must recognize him, though he had never seen the man's face before, that the two or three country-women with babies or baskets looked at him with suspicious eyes. He hastened out of the station, and along the dusty road towards the village, pursued by a haunting fear of recognition, heralded by the sweet-voiced, intolerable irony of the pealing bells.

He could see, behind the trees of the park, the gray and brown roof of the old house, and the flag fluttering gaily in the breeze. There were flags in the street too, and little groups of school-children passed to-and-fro in white, festal dresses bright with sashes of red or blue, and wide hats brilliant with cornflowers and poppies. It looked so alert, so cheerful, this little English village, so clean and fresh and home-like after the queer, foreign scenes among which he had wandered during the few years which had seemed to him so intolerably long. For a moment he forgot those unforgettable years, and felt himself a boy again, coming home from school for the holidays. He caught himself wondering whether his pet rabbits would be pleased to see him, and the old white fantail cock perch on his shoulder, as he had done before he went away.

Then—he remembered. A vision of spitting guns, of flame and darkness, swept before him. Instead of the placid village noises he heard the hoarse shouts of men, the scream of horses being shot down, helpless in the confusion of a deadly blunder. Perhaps it was the sun—perhaps it was the shock of that awful memory. He staggered against the wall of the nearest

garden, hearing still the booming of guns, the shrill whistle of bullets. Then he pitched forward in the white dust, and lay motionless.

II.

When he came to himself he was lying in the cool gloom of the little inn parlor. His face was wet, and the landlord's wife was holding a glass to his lips. The landlord himself, stout and concerned, stood by and gave somewhat hazy directions. In the doorway was grouped an interested knot of spectators in holiday clothes, and the landlord's niece, a pretty girl in a white dress, was shaking the water rather pettishly from her starched skirts.

"Well, you've given me a fine wetting, Aunt Sarah," she said as he opened his eyes. "I hope the poor man's the better for it, I'm sure. And no time for me to change, and nothing else fit to put on, and my Lady's eye like a gimlet for a speck or a spot. There, he's coming round—you needn't have fussed so. And on Sir John's birthday, too, when one doesn't like to be put about!"

The man on the floor sat up suddenly. There was a white look as of fear on his thin face.

"Sir John's—birthday?" he gasped.

The girl left off shaking her skirts and looked at him with interest. "Sir John's birthday—our Sir John, that fought in the War," she answered, not without a touch of pride in a local celebrity. "That's his house you see behind the trees. My Lady gives the village a treat on his birthday, and they ring the church bells—hark! you can hear them now."

There was an instant's silence, and the music of the bells overflowed the hush.

"That's right, Lotty," the landlord said heartily. "'Tis our Sir John's birthday, right enough. Lord, we thought a heap o' he, we did—we think

'a heap still 'specially to-day. A fine gen'leman, Sir John, an' a hero—yes, I reckon Sir John were what you call a first-class hero. Eh, missus?"

"That he were, pore dear," the landlord's wife responded with feeling.

The man on the floor looked at them with wide, almost frightened eyes.

"A hero!" he echoed. "Sir John Elmhurst a hero!"

A kind of chill fell upon the little room. For his tone was bitter with a bitterness which even their placid bucolic minds understood and resented.

"We call 'im one hereabouts, my man," the landlord said, in a warning tone, "and if you think o' staying long in these parts you'll find it convenient to call 'im one too."

"You will *that*," some one assented emphatically from the doorway; and the landlord's wife retreated a little from her charge, and put down the glass.

The man on the floor seemed bewildered.

"But wasn't your Sir John the man who lost the guns at Krakenburg? 'The man who blundered,' I've heard him called—"

"So have we; and the man who called 'im so never came nearer to bein' tarred an' feathered than 'e did that minute," the landlord interrupted sternly. "Don't you go talkin' o' blunders and lost guns 'ere, my man. We don't take no stock o' that sort o' talk, we don't. If our Sir John made a mull o' things at Kraken-what-you-may-call-it, you depend upon it, it weren't no fault o' his. There were a summat somewheresthat the likes o' we don't understand. The man who blundered, indeed! An' which o' we don't blunder now and then, I'd like to know—eh, missus?"

"Ah, which indeed!" the mistress of the "Hare and Hounds" replied with unfathomable meaning in her voice.

Her husband resumed somewhat hastily:

"If 'e blundered in that there War, 'e weren't the only one. More than our Sir John made a mull o' things out there, an' a many lost a lot more than guns, you mark my words, they did. An' I heard my Lady say more than once that a lot of 'em never came back, just as our Sir John did—no one couldn't never find them, no more than they haven't never found he. She reckons they're afraid to come back, afraid o' their own people blamin' 'em—same as 'e is. An' I says to 'er, 'Beggin' your pardon, my Lady, *that's* where their blunderin' comes in, an' Sir John's too—not in makin' mistakes, which is nat'ral-like, they bein' only 'uman—begging your Ladyship's pardon again,' I says, 'for speakin' o' a gen'leman like Sir John Elmhurst so disre-speckful—but in thinkin', I says to her, 'as the people they was born among wouldn't understand, an' think the same o' them—which is unnat'ral-like, an' unkind,' I says."

"I wonder at you, talkin' so free to her Ladyship, Saunders," his wife remarked severely. "What did she say to your clack?"

"There's some thinks better o' my clack than you, Bessy, which is no more'n I've a right to expect, you bein' my own married wife," her husband retorted, with scathing sarcasm. "Her Ladyship's not so free with her talk o' clack as you are. 'You're quite right, Saunders,' she says to me, as affable as you please, 'an' that's why I wish my son's birthday to be kep',' she says, 'that on one day o' the year at least the people he was born among should remember him and wish him well. An' some day,' she says, 'their remembrance an' good wishes will reach him, wherever he is, an' he won't be able to stay away any longer—wherever he is, if it's in the land of the livin',' she says, 'depend upon it,' Saunders, he will have to come back.'"

There was a long silence. The man

on the floor remembered the irresistible longing which had assailed him that morning. The landlord's niece gave a last shake to her dry skirt.

"I reckon he's dead though," she said, "or he'd have come back long ago. And I reckon when her Ladyship thinks he's dead, she'll die too. She's terrible wrapped up in him—whether he blundered in the War or no."

The man on the floor struggled up suddenly upon his feet. They all looked at him in surprise. He was white still, but the fear was gone from his eyes, and his face wore a look of hope which had not rested on it for years, since that night attack at Krakenburg, which he thought had wiped hope out of his life for ever.

"You're weak yet, my man," the landlord said. "Where be you off to before your legs'll go steady under you?"

The man had reached the doorway. He turned and looked back—at the fat landlord who had played the part of a guardian angel that day, at his wife, large and comfortable and disapproving, at the pretty girl still careful of her splashed skirt.

"I'm going up to the Hall," he said, "to see her Ladyship. I think I have something to tell her. I—I fought at Krakenburg and lost something there too."

"An arm, by the looks of it," the landlord commented prosaically with a glance at his guest's empty sleeve.

But his guest laughed—for the first time since Krakenburg had been lost and won.

"More than that," he said. "More than an arm—more than the guns themselves, perhaps. But to-day I think I have found what I lost."

III.

Under triumphal arches gay with red, white and blue, Sir John Elmhurst, shabby, bearded, maimed, an unrecognizable figure, came back to the home

of his fathers. The band was playing in the Long Meadow, and children's voices came and went on the still summer air. He walked in a dream, and once more it seemed to him that he was a boy again, coming home from school—coming home from a terrible lesson, the most terrible, perhaps, that a man can learn. But the bitterness had gone from his heart, and he knew that never again would he see the awful vision of Krakenburg, and hear the death-struggle of the men who had died through his mistake. Flags were fluttering over him—Union Jacks and Royal Standards, in brilliant squares of calico; and it seemed to him that from their graves upon the far-off veldt, the men who had died for a flag like these—the men whose murderer he had thought himself—sent him a message of forgiveness and peace.

The great doors stood open, and he walked in unchallenged. The door of the Blue Drawing-room which Lady Elmhurst loved was open too. And as he stood irresolute, waiting, she came out.

She had never been a demonstrative woman; she was not demonstrative now. She stood there for a moment, with the sunshine from the open door shining on her white hair. She put up her glass and looked at him, and then she put it down again.

"I thought you would come to-day," she said, very quietly. "You have been a long time coming, Jack—I am glad you found out at last that you could trust the place where you were born—and me."

For a moment he could not speak. He heard the bells ringing—he heard the band. It was playing "God save the King." Once again he remembered the scene he could never forget.

"Yes, I have come home," he said at last, "but first I must tell you the truth. I lost my head at Krakenburg—and then I lost the guns. I shall never

forgive myself, as long as I live—but if you can forgive me, I will try and go on with my life, for your sake, and for the sake of those people out there, who call me a hero—God bless them for it, however little I deserve it—I, the man who blundered at Krakenburg—the man who lost the guns!"

Lady Elmhurst looked at him with a smile in her eyes—a smile of sheer pride, of happiness too great for words. Her words had always been few—it

Temple Bar.

was not possible for her now to change the habit of a lifetime.

"My boy," she said gently, "the world may judge you differently, if it likes. This is not the world, but your home. Here we remember only that at Krakenburg you did your best, and that no man may do more—we remember only that a wise man may make mistakes, and a brave one comes back to pay for them."

Nellie K. Blissett.

THE BLACK SEA.

The Black Sea! And stormy, tumultuous, and black it indeed was when I crossed it in the end of October on a Russian steamer from Constantinople, our route being *via* Sebastopol, Yalta, Kertch, Novorossisk, Poti, and Batum. And yet as compared with the tempests that were then raging amongst the peoples who dwell on the northern and eastern shores of that sea, its tumbling waves were even peaceful, hospitable, and friendly.

The *Svätoi Nikolai* (Holy Nicholas) which carried myself and a few other passengers, but a heavy cargo, to Batum, was tossed like a nut-shell on the waves as they ran mountains high. I should never have believed that the Kara Denis of the Turks and the Chernoye More of the Russians could be, if I may use a topographical expression, so deeply entrenched. After putting some of our passengers ashore on the Crimea, by the time we reached Novorossisk there were only three of us first-class passengers left—the Three Musketeers as we afterwards called ourselves, namely, Colonel Ileschenko from Van on the Persian frontier, a place lying south of Shusha, Consul Akimovitch, on his way to Bayazid, on the borders of Turkish Armenia and the Persian province of Azerbaijan,

and myself. During the last stage of the journey we did not see much of each other. The sea ran so high, that to get to the saloon required something of the skill of an acrobat. We preferred to keep the horizontal in our berths. Every time the vessel rolled, my outlook window, which was on the portside, dipped a couple of yards under the water, but when she went over to the starboard I caught glimpses, two or three cable-lengths away, of the outline of the shore and the forest-clad creek of the Caucasus, already in part capped with snow, and glittering in the sunshine.

In the roadstead of Sukhum-Kaleh we lay to for several minutes, whilst some sinewy Abkhasians came off in the boats to fetch a few bales and packages. One of these men climbed up on board and said something to a young woman who was travelling second-class. She burst suddenly into tears, and her grief was so violent and so self-abandoned, that all attempts to comfort her failed. Her husband had been shot in a disturbance. But she was only one of thousands upon thousands of Russian women who are made to weep in these days! Her wailings continued to echo distressingly and inconsolably through the fit-

ful gusts of the tempest to the end of the journey.

When we reached Poti the storm increased in violence. The sky was black as ink, and the rain beat violently on the deck and against the windows of the saloon. But we had only three hours more of it; at midnight the steamer "stamped" into the harbor of Batum. But what a landing! The rain pouring down in torrents, the night as black as pitch, not a street light visible, not a porter to be seen, no cabs or droshkies to be had, and, to crown all, the comforting intelligence that all railway traffic had ceased three days ago! In a word, we had dropped into the midst of the "great strike," which extended to laborers of every class, and was completely paralyzing all commerce. By dint of the promise of a handsome reward, we induced two or three rough harbor loafers to help us with our luggage, and under cover of the darkness they guided us to the nearest "hotel." It was a veritable den of thieves, crowded with Georgians and all kinds of riff-raff. Our guides assured us that, if they were detected breaking the strike, they would be shot down without mercy, and, as we learnt afterwards, in so saying they did not exaggerate one bit.

I was bound for Teheran. But why in the name of wonder should the spirit of unrest, now so rife in Russia, choose just at that very time to visit the Caucasus? You may well ask. When I left Constantinople on October 25, provided with two extra passports from the Russian Ambassador, M. Zinovieff, who had formerly been in Stockholm, Russia was comparatively quiet, and the railways, at any rate, were running without hindrance. I had the choice of three routes—(1) Batum, Tiflis, Baku, Reshd, Teheran; (2) Batum, Tiflis, Erivan, Nakitchevan, Tabriz, Teheran; (3) Trebizond, Erze-

rum, Bayazid, Kholi, Tabriz, Teheran. The first of these I was quite familiar with, and wanted to avoid it. With regard to the third route, that starting from Trebizond, I had been told in Constantinople, by Dr. Martin, that at that season of the year it was practically closed in consequence of rain and snow and the swollen state of the rivers, and the Persian Ambassador, Mirza Riza Khan, who also had formerly been Minister in Stockholm, dissuaded me from making such a long and tiring journey across the mountains of Asia Minor. In consequence of this, and with the view of saving time, I decided to travel *via* Erivan; from Batum five days would bring me to Tabriz, and two weeks more to Teheran. But the fates had decreed otherwise. I was forced to waste two valuable weeks, and at the present moment I am writing on board an Austrian steamer bound for Trebizond. If I had travelled from Constantinople to Trebizond direct I should by this be in Bayazid.

But have these two weeks really been wasted? No; I have unexpectedly had an opportunity of witnessing at first hand, at all events, one small scene in the gigantic struggle for freedom which is now shaking Russia to her foundations, and which, it seems to me, is the prelude to a revolution of the most stupendous character. I hasten to say that Batum, so long as I remained within the town, was entirely cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, even from such places as Poti, Kutais, and Tiflis, all, comparatively speaking, in the same neighborhood. All the telegraph lines were cut, the railways torn up, the postal service stopped. Thus for nearly two weeks I was without any news except what was brought by special messengers on horseback or by the boats from Russia, and that consisted of uncertain and contradictory

rumors. It was for all the world like being shut up in a beleaguered town or being detained in compulsory confinement, surrounded by spies and brigands, in danger of one's life and loss of one's property. Not a day passed without murders and rifle-shots in our immediate vicinity. Hymns of mourning, white coffins, bareheaded drunken priests, weeping relatives, broadsides from the warships (four large ones and three small ones) in the harbor, patrols of Cossacks, mounted gendarmes, companies of infantry on the march—all armed to the teeth—these were the sights and sounds observable all day long from our windows.

Waiting is always trying to the patience; but to be tied hand and foot when you are dying to be in action is galling in the extreme. Yet these days passed rapidly enough—a continuously changing kaleidoscope of fantastic scenes, full of vivid contrasts, burning themselves in upon the memory.

After remaining one day the *Holy Nicholas* steamed back to Odessa, taking all her cargo with her, and the same thing happened to all the vessels which arrived subsequently, whether they came from Russia or from elsewhere. The losses must have run up to millions of roubles.

We spent the night in Versal's den, which was kept open in spite of wind and weather, so that every living creature inside it, men and animals alike, ran the risk of being dealt with as "strike-breakers." But early the next morning I made my way to the Hotel Frantsia, where I should, at any rate, have a roof over my head that was weatherproof. The hotel was closed and empty, the windows shuttered, and all the servants had run away, nobody being left except the landlord and two boys. However, I was given a room, though they told me I should have to look after myself. There was precious

little to eat and drink, nothing but a little bread and wine and some cold sturgeon several days old. Meat was not to be had for love or money; to make a fire was forbidden, though the samovar might be heated morning and evening. There was not even water to wash one's hands and face in; all the *sutchis* or "water-men," who usually retail water about the streets, had, like everybody else, gone out on strike, and I had to wash with the contents of mineral water bottles. It put me in mind of the privations of the Taklimakan, except that now the sea echoed stormily in my ears.

In the Frantsia I found also a Georgian prince. The very first evening we became warm friends and supped (!) together. He swore by all that was holy that he would guide me through the forests of Georgia and over the pass of Suram, and would bring me safe and sound to Tiflis; and a very good reason he had for saying so: he was himself a robber chief, and would have acted in collusion with the bandits. I thanked him politely for his kindly proffer, and was congratulated by my two travelling companions, who were certain I should very soon have been stripped of everything if I had accepted the man's guidance. No, there was nothing for it but patience—patience; but to be content to kick one's heels in such a miserable place as Batum one needed the patience of a saint.

The first day of our stay in Batum, namely, the last day of the month of October, we spent in trying to learn something of the position of affairs, and we soon became convinced that the strike was something different from an ordinary strike, however inflexible the discipline and vigor with which it was carried out; it was a political movement of a very serious character. The town lay as if in the stupefaction of sleep, and except for

the reports of firearms the dreary cobbled streets, with their monotonous rows of ugly houses, were silent and empty, though at other times they are noisy enough with the rattle of carriages and freight wagons. All shops and offices were closed, shuttered, locked and barred. A Georgian who had sold food secretly by the back door to some of his customers received a warning in writing from the strike committee that he had been condemned to death, and would be shot on the following day. The respectable citizens kept within doors; nobody ventured abroad except loafers, spies, and riff-raff. Not a single woman was visible, except such as belonged to the off-scourings of the people. Public gatherings were forbidden, and it was only here and there that a small group of workmen was to be seen. Every carriage that appeared on the street was driven by a soldier, with his rifle close at his hand, and the occupants were invariably officers. The only folk on horseback were Cossacks, and they patrolled the town backwards and forwards in every direction. All the public buildings were guarded by military; the banks in especial were closely watched. Soldiers were always on guard outside the Hotel Frantsia.

Numbers of boys, ten to twelve years of age, prowled about the streets; to all appearance they wore the most innocent air, but in reality they were the spies of the strike committee, and reported everything they saw, particularly every breach of the committee's regulations. Even the foreign consulates were kept closed, and it was only by back ways that one was able to get at the consuls; at all events, that was the case with regard to the two whom I visited. The merchant was unable to visit his office; if he did, he was at once reported by the boy spies, and might esteem himself lucky if nothing worse befell him than to have

all his windows broken and himself get a good drubbing. In some cases he would be informed by letter that he had to pay such and such a sum of money in ransom for his life. To enter a bank was considered to be in the highest degree dangerous—you ran a risk of being robbed on your way home. Nevertheless, I went to the Tiflis Commercial Bank and got an advance on my credit note, and managed to reach the hotel unmolested.

As for the economic strike, the railway men were demanding an increase in their wages to the extent of 40 per cent., namely, an advance from twenty-five to thirty-five roubles a month. And in conjunction with them the terrorists were laboring with remarkable—indeed, with irresistible—energy, and were cleverly making use of the general discontent to further their own ends for the dissolution of society. They were stirring up the people with revolutionary addresses in secret meetings. They declared that the Czar was already deposed and driven out of the country, and that Witte was President of the Russian Republic; the time was come for the people to take the power into their own hands; all property was going to be divided justly; the poor would get land and bread. Away with tyranny! Down with the rule of the autocrat! Down with slavery! Speeches of this character were cheered to the echo by the uncritical crowd, whose imaginations were feasting on the good things which the immediate future was to bring them. Every man you met on the street might be a leader of the terrorist party or an agent of the same. The passers-by looked at one another with suspicion. It was as though the entire inhabitants of the place lived in momentary expectation of something dreadful happening.

On the countenances of the more distinguished amongst the Caucasians—and they were mostly Georgians with

fur caps and long coats and cartridge bandoliers slung across their shoulder—the prevailing expression was one of satisfaction. They were manifestly delighted at the serious difficulties against which the Russian authorities had to contend; they were clearly comforting themselves with the hope that the sway of the Russians over their formerly free Caucasia was now approaching its end.

The Governor issued a proclamation forbidding any man, whosoever he might be, to show himself abroad after 6 P. M.—a more than doubtful pleasure in any case, when the streets were as dark as midnight, and you ran the risk of being shot down at any moment. If the terrorists suspected any person of possessing a revolver they at once swooped down upon him and appropriated it for their own use. In this way they had, I understood, become possessed of a very considerable supply of weapons. The Cossacks and soldiers had received orders to seize at once all the fire-arms they could get hold of, except such as belonged to the military.

On October 31 there were eight murders in Batum, five of the victims being soldiers and one a gendarme. The acting captain of police was attacked by a band of the terrorist party and shot in the cheek, but his life was saved by the peak of his cap; and had he not had the presence of mind to drop from his horse and lie as if dead, he would have had two or three more bullets into him. Thereupon a fight took place which cost three of the attacking party their lives, whilst several more were wounded. This took place in broad daylight. After the first two or three days I ceased to pay any particular heed to the report of fire-arms, although it was very painful to hear them echoing through the stillness of the night.

That same night there was a serious

afray in the Turkish bazaar. A hundred Cossacks or so went galloping past my window on their way to the scene of the disturbance. A volley was fired, then another, and another; but only a few people were wounded, for the soldiers fired for the most part into the air. After that the bazaar was cleared by the Cossacks with their *nagaikas* (whips). That same evening the warships in the harbor fired about a score of shots from their big guns, so that all the windows rattled in their frames, conveying a reminder of the power of Russia, and a threat of bombardment if any further outbreak occurred. And all night long the search-lights of the war vessels played upon the town, lighting up brilliantly the windows of the houses that looked upon the sea, and etching here and there on the black background of the night the outline of a white Turkish minaret with startling vividness. Restless, searching, penetrating, those cold, inquisitive eyes of the armored warships swept over the unhappy town all through the hours of that long October night. Listen! A shot under my very window! The clatter of horses' hoofs die away in the distance; all is again silent. Has another human being lost his life?

Next day, November 1, a peaceable Turk from Trebizond came to Batum, paid a visit to the Turkish bazaar, and was on his way home when a patrol of two or three Cossacks overtook him and cried, "Stoi! (Stop)." The Turk walked on unheeding. There followed a second challenge, and a third. The Turk paid no heed. The Cossacks then, obeying the order that had been given to them to shoot without further ado any man who refused to obey their triple challenge, shot the Turk dead in the street.

Neither the Colonel nor the consul nor I found the time heavy on our hands. Every evening we took a turn

on the shore boulevard, then clothed in tropical greenery, but by dusk we had generally sought the shelter of our hotel, though occasionally curiosity led us out again about nine; but we were never molested. On the evening of November 2 we lingered a little longer than usual on a seat by the shore. The sun had just set over Trebizond, in a blaze of blood-red fire, but a vivid yellow reflection still hung above the level waters of the Black Sea. The evening was silent and still. A steamer was slowly laboring towards Trebizond, its outline showing up as black as midnight against the fiery yellow background. In the north we saw the crest of the Caucasus, capped with snow-fields, but faint and evanescent as in a dream, like an interplay of pure vanishing color. In the northwest the mountains faded away softly into an impalpable mist. The sea was like a mirror, except that a flat swell dimpled its surface. The mountains motionless and solemn like ghosts, not a breath of wind moved. The earth was at perfect peace. But man—man alone was restless, man alone was evil!

The next day I was present at a funeral. A police-constable had been shot on his beat and was to be interred. It was a touching service, the silver-white coffin in the midst of the tall lighted candles, the priests and acolytes singing funeral hymns, and the clouds of incense enwreathing the ceremony in mystic vapor. The service finished, the funeral procession set forth. First marched a man with a big crucifix, then followed another with a wreath, and two more carrying church banners; then came the priest with a little cross in his hand, and behind him the coffin, borne by officers of rank, amongst them the Governor himself—a touching and ennobling sight. The rear of the procession consisted of the friends and relatives of the dead man, a company of infantry, two bands of

music, playing solemn funeral marches alternately, the music being thoroughly Russian, melancholy and monotonous, but high-pitched, so that its echoes affected the listener with a sense of impressive solemnity as they floated up over the slumbering town. The procession was closed by a troop of mounted Cossacks, while on each side the streets were lined with crowds of onlookers. Who was the dead man? Was the abrupt termination of his life but the atonement for some great sin he had committed? Not at all; he was but one victim amongst many, many thousands of an antiquated and unjust system, which, like this poor victim himself, is now, unless all indications are false, on its way to the grave.

But the Governor and other distinguished officers soon quitted their positions as pall-bearers, their places being taken by comrades of the dead man. At the corner of a street a carriage was waiting. The Governor and his adjutant stepped in, and off started the horses at full gallop, so that none but a really skilled marksman could have hit him. Meanwhile the funeral procession moved slowly and solemnly along the street, the sorrowful music grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and finally the white uniforms disappeared from sight.

The Governor, General Parkan, was amiability itself, and amid all the tumult and disorder by which he was surrounded exhibited the utmost *sang-froid*. But it was evident to me that his charming wife, and still more charming daughters, were very uneasy on his account, and they did not leave him out of their sight even when he retired to his study, for he was overwhelmed with work. He was a man who would die at his post with untroubled serenity of mind. He was, however, exposed to far greater danger than anybody else. The threats of the terrorists are directed in the first place

against the military and the police, the hapless instruments of a wretched tyranny.

But time will not allow me to dwell upon further episodes of my stay in Batum. My chief concern was by hook or by crook to get safely to Teheran; but day by day, though I still waited, the railway station remained deserted and without sign of life, but always inflexibly guarded by the soldiery. The bridge over the River Rion had been blown up, and the rails torn up in numerous places. Company after company of sappers were despatched from Batum to Tiflis to repair the line and the bridge; but whilst they were making good the damage at one spot the rails were destroyed at another. A heavy military train was sent from Kutais to Poti, but it left the line before it reached the first station, eight persons being killed and twenty-three severely injured, while a colonel had both his legs cut off. The preparations for the catastrophe had been made with diabolical cunning. The rails were in their places and everything appeared to be in perfect order; but over a distance of about 200 yards the iron bolts which fasten them to the sleepers had been removed. The engine and some of the carriages passed the danger in safety, but the rest of the train was wrecked.

Under these circumstances we could not expect a very pleasant or very comfortable journey to Tiflis, nevertheless we were fully resolved to risk it. Every day there came news of this or the other body of engineers having been attacked whilst at work, and of bloody encounters between them and the strikers. The first train that was to be despatched to Tiflis would be protected by a strong body of military, and we were informed that 5000 men had been sent from Tiflis to keep guard over the line.

On the evening of November 4 I went to see the Governor again, and

he assured me that a train would probably be able to start within about three days, but that it would be a long time on the road, and at every stretch of broken line and at every ruined bridge we should have to change trains. With the view of confirming this opinion he telephoned to the engineer-in-chief in charge of the railway; the reply was that the connection between Poti and Kutais was restored, and that it would probably be possible to get on from Kutais to Tiflis. I at once made up my mind to proceed to Poti with the steamboat which was to start that same evening for Odessa, and the Governor very kindly gave me an authorization to travel with the first military train that should leave Poti for Kutais.

I hurried off, hunted up the other two "musketeers," and we had only just time to get our baggage packed, our hotel bills paid, and to scramble on board. At midnight we landed at Poti, the night pitch dark and the rain coming down in torrents. Here, however, we found cabs at least. The Colonel and the Consul drove up into the town, which is a good mile and a quarter from the quayside; but I had to stay behind to look after my mass of baggage (nearly seven hundredweight altogether) and get it safely under cover in a shed. When I at length set off to follow them, the rain beat upon the hood of the carriage and splash-splashed in the slush on the road. But we got safely over the two bridges that span the Rion, notwithstanding that here and there a plank was wanting. In the very first street that I entered I was stopped by Cossacks; but when they found that my papers were all in order they allowed me to proceed. Every hotel was packed full of travellers wanting to go on to Tiflis; and it was not until well on towards morning that we succeeded in finding a wretched room in a fourth-class hotel, situated on an island surrounded by marshes,

from which fever-breeding miasmas were being exhaled.

In that horrible hole we were detained four days, having for company rats as big as rabbits. Nevertheless, we kept our courage up and were in excellent spirits; in fact, as merry and sportive as students. One advantage I enjoyed, in getting a few good lessons in Russian, though I will swear the other two "musketeers" did not learn a single word of Swedish during the whole of the four days. The station-master of Poti, M. Lopatin, who had married a fascinating Swedish lady, was the only railway official left on duty; all the rest had gone on strike. He, however, lived in a state of perpetual siege, and his life was in danger. It was quite touching to witness his wife's anxiety on his account, and good reason she had to be disquieted, for four of the station-masters between Poti and Tiflis had already been murdered. M. Lopatin advised us to wait; he believed a strong military train would arrive at Tiflis in a day or two; he could, he said, send us as far as Samtredia at any time, for as far as that point the line was clear. Every day we visited these excellent and hospitable people, one of them a Swede, the other a Russian, and yet so happy together.

At noon on November 8 I went to pay my usual visit at the Lopatins. A soldier directed me to a goods' shed in the vicinity, in which the railwaymen were holding a meeting. It began at 9 A.M. and did not close until 1 P.M. It was rather interesting to listen for nearly an hour to the exposition of their political opinions. Some of the speakers put forward absurd demands and impossible proposals for the distribution and redivision of all property. A violent attack was made upon Lopatin because he had held aloof from the general strike and refused to participate in it, and one unblushing scoundrel proposed to kill him on the

spot. But another speaker took the station-master's part, and reminded the meeting that Lopatin had always championed the cause of the workmen. Finally a couple of Georgians came forward; but as they spoke in their mother-tongue I understood nothing of what they said, except a few borrowed words, such as *revolutsii*, *liberalnii*, *parti*, *politika*, *autonomiya*, *socialdemokrati*, and other similar significant and encouraging expressions. It was dark and stuffy in the shed, the floor of which was strewn with straw. Those of the audience who stood near the two doors were alone in the light, all the rest were wrapped in almost fuliginous gloom. But I saw that they were of mixed races—wild Caucasian types—Georgians, Gurians, Lesghians, Emeritians, Mingrelians, and all the rest of them. The discussion was still being continued with unabated vigor when I and Lopatin left the meeting; the only resolution upon which they could come to any agreement was, that they would not work.

On the whole there appears to be an absence of method in the agitation, and a study of only a few days is insufficient to give one a clear idea of what the real tendencies of the movement are. In great part the impelling motives are economical, agrarian, and social democratic; but, as far as I was able to judge, it is the political character which predominates. It is no longer of any use to attempt to moderate these breaking seas of revolt by liberal manifestoes: the people just laugh at them. It is too late to offer the right of public meeting and freedom of the press: the people now demand full political freedom and the eradication of autocratic government; they are determined to participate themselves in the work of government. And there is also a third movement, which profits from the general confusion, namely, that fomented by the purely revolu-

tionary and insurrectionary elements, who have roused certain Caucasian tribes and put them on a war footing. The leaders of this movement aim at complete separation from Russia, an ambition for which they will sooner or later have to pay pretty smartly. The Georgians are a warlike race, who were involved in incessant feuds with their neighbors, with Persia, Turkey, and lastly with Russia. They are delighted, after the long spell of peace, at the present opportunity to try their weapons again: they are wild mountain tribes, brave warriors, who live in the saddle, despise death, and set little value on human life. In Guria, the southern half of the Russian government of Kutais, they are at this present time in open revolt against their conquerors; and so far as I can gather, the only prospect of a return to peace is the separation of Caucasia from Russia, the alternative being a bloody war on the part of Russia and the extermination of tens of thousands of the rebels.

✓ Is it not civil war when a body of a hundred and fifty Cossacks are surrounded, as they were lately at Osurgeti, by a couple of thousand of well-armed Georgians? The captain of the little force sent off a messenger to Batum to ask for help. The messenger never arrived. A second who was sent after him was captured, and a third and a fourth disappeared. At last the fifth messenger, a Mussulman, succeeded in getting through and in reaching Batum in safety. A reinforcement of about two hundred men with four machine-guns was sent out from Poti. But my friend the colonel considered that they were bound on a desperate errand, for they would have to force their way through narrow passes and defiles, where they could be ambushed by marksmen hidden in the woods that crown the heights above, and so be shot down one after the other without a

chance of defending themselves. Meanwhile intelligence came in from various quarters that the beleaguered Cossack force had been killed to the last man. All this time the detached parties of sappers who were engaged in repairing the railway line were being continually attacked, and every attack cost some soldiers their lives. A guerrilla war surely, if ever there was one!

The latest information that Lopatin had to give me contained but the coldest of comfort. The railway which had hitherto been intact as far as Samtredi, had been torn up again between the latter place and Poti. We discussed together the various routes that were open, or rather closed to me, between Poti and Teheran. I saw it was hopeless to wait for a train for Tiflis and Erivan. How would it be if I were to try the route *via* Novorossisk, Vladikavkas, and the Georgian military road, or go to Petrovsk and Baku? No, that would not do. The strike no doubt extended as far as that, although it was impossible to obtain any certain information in the matter. The colonel proposed that we should ride from Batum to Arvrin and Kars, and thence make our way along the frontier to Erivan. But one or two Georgians earnestly dissuaded me from attempting it, for I should be certain to be plundered by some band of robbers or other; in these unquiet times these gentry were much more active than usual. I had nothing I knew to fear for my life; but what use should I be without my scientific instruments and without money? It would no doubt be interesting and romantic enough to plod back to Batum in rags and tatters, but I could not afford the time for such risky experiments.

All at once I made up my mind to turn my back upon this inhospitable land of Colchis and make for Trebizond, and thence journey to Teheran by way of Erzerum, Bayazid, Khol, and

Tabriz. That route was, it is true, not safe, but it was a great deal better than any route through Caucasia. It would take three weeks longer than the route through Erivan; but, on the other hand, it would give me an opportunity to learn something of Turkish Armenia, the mountains of Asia Minor, and proud Ararat. Once past Bayazid I should be past all danger, for I had with me an autograph letter from the King of Sweden to Muzaffer ed-Din, Shah of Persia, and the frontier authorities had been informed of this by Mirza Riza Khan, who moreover had himself given me letters to the Valiad or Crown Prince of Persia, and to the Governor-general of the Province of Uzerbaijan.

All I required therefore was to secure permission to land at Trebizond. When in Constantinople I had taken no steps to procure such permission; I had in fact not seen the necessity for it, because I had then no intention of touching Asiatic Turkey. I sent a wire *via* Novorossisk and Odessa to Baron Ramel, our Minister at the Sublime Porte, asking his kindly assistance. Fortunately he had already introduced me to Tewfik Pasha, the Foreign Minister, and to Ferid Pasha, the Grand Vizier. They would consequently know that I should prove no menace to the power of the Crescent or the stability of the Sublime Porte. My resolve taken, I hurried down to the steamship office in Poti to find out when the next boat started for Batum. The agent was unable to tell me, he had had no telegrams lately, and believed that the boats had ceased to run because of the strike. But whilst we were still talking a messenger ran in to say that the steamer *Alexei* was just entering the harbor. We hurried down to the pier. The captain told us of the horrors which had been perpetrated in Odessa. He proposed remaining at Poti all night; so that, after seeing all my luggage stowed on board, I had time to

dine for the last time with the other two "musketeers," who had decided to try the route *via* Novorossisk. At dusk I went on board, and spent a peaceful night in a magnificent cabin.

At 8 A.M. on the morning of November 9 I once more steamed southwards, bound for Batum. The captain of the *Alexei* told me I should have to wait there ten days for the next boat to Trebizond, and that foreign steamboats no longer touched at Batum, owing to the impossibility of getting their cargoes discharged. But there were, I knew, several vessels lying in the harbor waiting to be unloaded, and as I could not, and *would* not lose any more time on the coast of Colchis, I resolved to try and hire one of them, though it would cost me at least £50. Another plan would be to engage a Turkish sailing-boat, though that would require several days longer to reach Trebizond, and if a storm were to burst from the north the voyage would be dangerous. Anyway, let the cost be what it would, I was now bound for Trebizond. The *Alexei* glided slowly into the harbor, greeted by three shots from one of the streets of the town. As we entered we brushed past an Austrian steamboat, the *Saturno*, from Trieste. I hailed the captain and asked him when he left Batum? "In two hours' time," he answered.

Well, I must go with him. But I had no passport for Turkish territory. Away I hurried on foot—there was of course no cab to be got—to the Austrian consulate, to the police-station to get my passport *vis'd*, to the office of the Russian steamboat company, to the office of the Austrian Lloyds, and there I learnt that in consequence of a Russian police regulation the *Saturno* would not take any passengers with her. I besought the Agent by all the powers to let me go with the *Saturno*. At last he gave way, and promised to report my departure to the police, but

he urged me to hurry up; there was only half an hour left before the boat started. If the police refused to let me go I should just have to submit to my fate.

Back I hastened to the *Alexei*. But how in the world was I going to get my heavy packages transferred from the Russian to the Austrian steamboat in that blessed port? there wasn't so much as a dog to help one. A fine fellow that captain of the *Alexei*! He let his sailors lower a boat from the davits and row me and my baggage across to the accommodation ladder of the *Saturno*. At the foot I was met by her captain, a weather-beaten sea-bear. He roared at me like a lion, and told me, literally, to go to the devil, for he was forbidden to carry passengers. I replied that my papers were all in order, and that smoothed him down a bit, and he condescended to allow his men to get my baggage on board, and a ticklish job it was, owing to the swell that was on. It was quite a relief to me when I saw the last package safely hoisted on deck, and, once established there, I felt pretty certain that nothing but the crane would get me and my belongings overboard again. During the two hours or so that I had been racing about Batum I had heard that a police officer had just been shot and that the revolutionaries were planning a general massacre of the citizens, who were on the point of hiring an English steamboat to carry them to Trebizond. I had had quite enough of that hole of a place, and was eager to get to a fresh and better country. Strange that one should long to get away from Russia amongst Persians, Turks, and Tartars in order to secure safety for one's life and property!

Meanwhile the captain of the *Saturno* was pacing the deck growling like a Polar bear. "What was the object of my journey?" "Geographical discov-

ery." "Oh! indeed; and do you take any interest in philatelic discoveries?" "No, but I have just bought some Persian stamps; would you like to see them?" "Of course, he would." He put aside those he did not already possess and asked if I would sell them to him? I offered to make a present of them, and after sundry "Ohs" and "Buts" he accepted them. After that we were on the best of terms, I and the captain of the *Saturno*. What a stroke of luck that I should have come across those Persian stamps and bought them out of mere caprice.

My ticket, which I bought on board, cost me 13s. I had saved not only ten days but also £49 7s! One minute after I got on board the *Saturno* was off. When my passport came to be examined it turned out that I had forgotten the most important thing of all, namely, the *visé* of the Turkish Consul. "You won't be allowed to land without it," declared the captain. "The Turkish authorities at Trebizond are wonderfully strict." "Here's a nice fix!" thought I; "but it will all come right somehow, I've no doubt." And I became too engrossed with watching the houses and minarets and churches of Batum disappearing in the distance to worry very much about the difficulties of the future.

Next day the *Saturno* anchored in the roads of Trebizond. The police made no end of fuss; my passport was not *visé'd*! They treated me as if I were afflicted with the plague. But I stopped their mouths by citing my acquaintance with the late Osman Pasha and Mumi Pasha, with Tewfik Pasha and Ferid Pasha, and several other distinguished pashas, and swore that I had been a guest at the table of Abdul Hamid himself at Yildiz Kiosk. But the thing which impressed them most was the fact of my being a countryman of Temir Bash or Charles XII. of Sweden. This was not the first

time his name had helped me at a pinch in the Orient. I was allowed to land; but the little hand-bag which I carried with me was turned inside out even to the very tooth-brush, and two or three French novels by Alphonse Daudet and François Coppée were confiscated, as well as a map of Persia. One hour later I was safe under the protection of the English and French consuls, who overwhelmed me with kindness and hospitality. The bells are tinkling underneath my window: they

The Monthly Review.

are those of the caravans about to start for Persia with the goods that were refused a landing at Batum. The lamps are being lighted along the balconies of the minarets; the muezzin is crying his musical "La illaha il Allah!" into the peaceful afternoon of Ramadan. The Turks are gathering for their evening meal. Peace and prosperity reign in this beautiful seaside town, with the Black Sea rolling in against the foot of the promontory on which it stands.

Sven Hedin.

ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE.¹

There are some men who even yet in our artificial and highly civilized days stand out as Nature's great men, men who at any era of the world, and in any rank of life, would have been leaders of their kind,—kings in the human herd. Such was Mr. Gladstone. The first impression he gave you was that of natural force. You felt that he could cleave his way through the crowd, like Arac in Tennyson's "Princess," and cut you down if you attempted to thwart him. Such was Tennyson himself, "a Lifeguardsman spoiled," as Carlyle called him. Such pre-eminently was Frederick Temple. He seemed cast in an heroic mould, more than life-size,—colossal. His were the "wrestling thews that throw the world." Toil was a pleasure to him. When he was an undergraduate at Balliol, as his contemporary, Principal Shairp, graphically has it in his fine lines—

He bounded joyously to sternest work,
Less buoyant others turn to sport and play.

It was the same in middle life, and even in age. As one of the Mayors of

Exeter said, "he used to stalk about, shaking the city as he went." He could walk eighteen miles in three hours. And his mental powers were as robust, as heroic, as his physical. When he was a young tutor he taught Matthew Arnold logic in one day, beginning at nine in the morning, and talking continuously, with two pauses of half-an-hour, till two the next morning. Perhaps "Mat's" receptive endurance was hardly less notable than the unflinching activity of his tutor. "At Rugby," says Mr. Arthur Butler, "I have seen Temple, after sitting up through a whole night and working for eighteen consecutive hours, as bright and cheerful at the end as if he had done nothing." When he was composing the Report for the Schools Inquiry Commission, he wrote on one occasion for thirty-six hours, having tea brought to him at intervals and the printer's "devil" in constant attendance. He was endowed with singular gifts of mental and physical perception. He could "visualize" and see numbers in a most remarkable manner. Without counting them, he could tell on the instant how many sheep

¹ "Memoirs of Archbishop Temple by Seven Friends." Edited by E. G. Sandford, Archdeacon of Exeter. With Photogravure and other

Illustrations. 2 vols. London: Macmillan and Co. [36s. net.]

were in a field, how many Confirmation candidates in a church. Nor were his moral gifts less happy and strong. No one, not even the most chance observer, could mistake or overlook them. When he had just been elected to the Balliol Scholarship at Blundell's School—the boy to whom he was preferred was the author of *Lorna Doone*—and was walking back over the hills to his home, one of the Trustees, a country gentleman, overtook him. "Temple," he said, "I cannot tell what you will be, but this I am sure of, that if you live long enough you will be one of the greatest men in England." It was the same when he reached Oxford. Jowett, who in writing an estimate of a Balliol man generally hit the nail on the head, says: "I have always thought him the finest young man whom we ever had at Balliol. He was so good and simple, he had such uncommon force of mind, and power of acquiring knowledge. I have seldom, if ever, known any one like him."

He did live long enough to realize the Devon country gentleman's prophecy. He rose by a sort of natural gravitation, by native force and enormous work, right to the top. The story of it all, from his childhood in the Ionian Islands, and the humble beginnings when as a boy and lad he lived and labored with the farm hands, and could plough as straight a furrow as any man in the parish, and thresh with any man in England, to his dying collapse in the House of Lords, is one long romance. Perhaps there is no better training or fortune for a man of parts than to be of a fair family which, through accident, has sunk a little, so that he has to begin at the bottom and fight up again. This was the case with Temple. His tale is told with clearness and conciseness in these volumes, but perhaps not in the most romantic manner. Biography by syndicate has its advantages. A great

man, a varied character, a long life, can in some ways be dealt with to advantage by the co-operation of several hands. It was the method by which it seemed to many that Mr. Gladstone's Life might well have been written. But Mr. Gladstone was fortunate in finding one great literary artist with sufficient knowledge and skill to command the whole even of his long career; and if Mr. Gladstone's Life loses, perhaps, a good deal that co-operation might have added, yet it gains even more by its artistic unity. The life of a great Bishop or Archbishop, it is true, tends nowadays too much to be a matter of routine, of work, of business. "The individual withers, and the Church is more and more." And this Life is a record of work and business. It is so many chapters in English educational and ecclesiastical history. Viewed as such, it is admirably done by experts whose judgment is most valuable, and who express it excellently. Mr. H. J. Roby on the Kneller Hall episode, Mr. Kitchener on the Rugby period, Archdeacon Sandford on the episcopate of Exeter, Archdeacon Bevan on that of London, Archdeacon Spooner on the life at Canterbury, and the Bishop of Bristol on the Primacy,—one and all, from this point of view, they could hardly be better.

It is when we seek not only the student, or the Head-Master, or the prelate, but the man, that something, here and there, of definite, continuous, consistent presentment seems wanting. It is a pity that the early formative years, the Blundell and Balliol time, could not have been given to an Oxford man, and Dr. Wilson's great skill reserved for some period which he knew more at first hand. The peculiar flavor of old Balliol in the first and formative years of its greatness, the period of Tait and Ward and Lake, of Jowett and Coleridge, of "Mat" Arnold

and Clough and "Hang Theology" Rogers, but above all, of the odd, intrepid little man who ruled and inspired all these fine spirits, without genius himself, without learning or even talent, by sheer mother-wit, common-sense geniality, and a sort of sporting shrewdness,—this is somewhat lost in Dr. Wilson's academic narrative. An Oxford man might as well try to describe the Trinity of Whewell, as a Cambridge man the Balliol of Jenkyns. Something, it is true, is made up to us later on, when Archdeacon Sandford, who writes always with grace and historic sense, takes up the pen himself in the "Editor's Supplement" at the close of the volumes. But the effect is not quite the same. It is a pity to have to wait to get the first impression completed or corrected at the end. The Kneller Hall period, again, as first described, while an admirable "educational minute," is a little too impersonal, though some characteristic touches, such as the splendid pigsty story, are happily not forgotten. We miss, too, something of that audacious realism which Mr. Arthur Benson displayed in his Life of Archbishop Temple's predecessor, his own father. Perhaps the best specimen of it is that given by Archbishop Benson himself, when he expresses his regrets that the House of Lords did not do justice to the Bishop of London. "The strongest man nearly in the House, the clearest, the highest toned, the most deeply sympathetic, the clearest in principle, —yet because his voice is a little harsh and his accent a little provincial (though of what province it is hard to say), and his figure square and his hair a little rough, and because all this sets off the idea of his independence, he is not listened to at all by these cold, kindly, worldly-wise, gallant, land-owning powers."

But taken altogether, the Life is an

excellent one, judicious and trustworthy, far above the average of the hasty impressionist portraits so often painted of modern great men. Two qualities it brings out in Archbishop Temple not always as fully recognized as they should be. His strength, his crushing directness, were known to all. The "just beast" was patent to a child. These qualities were mistaken sometimes for rudeness, or want of consideration, or indifference to anything but business. He was, in truth, the kindest and most unworldly, nay, among the most pious, of men. He loved the Church at all times, and her ministrations. In early days he delighted in the sacred round of services at Oxford; in the sunset of his life he found equal delight in the daily services at Canterbury. This piety it was that drew him to the Oriel men, those later "Methodists" of the Oxford of 1840, and especially to Newman. He even had a good word to say for confession as a precious means of grace, a good word which he repeated in later years. All through his life it was the same. It was an ironical accident of fate that linked him, a simple and fervent, if discriminating, liberal Churchman, with the "Essayists and Reviewers," and especially with the more advanced of them. It was eminently characteristic of him that at this crisis he would bate no jot, explain nothing, while he had any advantage to gain, but, directly the stress was over and the matter settled, told the world, thereby disappointing half of it, that he had no heresy to confess. It was another accident that led to his explanation being published, in a way he never intended, in Convocation.

But in reality, as Archdeacon Sandford says in his "Editor's Supplement," correcting Mr. Roundell in the earlier account, "it is a mistake to imagine that the essential thing in Temple's nature was practical directness. He

eventually gave himself to public affairs and practical life because he schooled himself to them, but his earlier love was in deeper things, and Jowett and others were disposed to think that his ultimate choice of official life was a renunciation of high possibilities." Glimpses of his truer bent may be seen in his Hampton Lectures, and in the delightful letters written to his son when an undergraduate at Balliol on philosophy. His domestic relations, it may be said in passing, whether to his sons, or to the mother who fostered his earlier, or the wife who cherished his middle and later, life, were ideal, and are indicated in these pages, rather than described, with the eloquence of reserve and reticence not always found in biographies. Indeed, all through an excellent feature in these volumes is their condensation and compression. The memorable moments of the Archbishop's life—the end of Kneller Hall, the *Essays and Reviews* crisis, the Reredos cases at Exeter Cathedral and St. Paul's, the "Response" to Pope Leo XIII's Bull invalidating Anglican Orders, a Response in which Temple made it his business to "cut out all the thunder," the famous pronouncement of 1898 on questions of ritual and doctrine, the scene of the Coronation, and of the Archbishop's last days—all are

handled clearly and concisely, with sufficient fulness, yet without any waste of words. The consequence is that the story of this long and laborious life is told very adequately in two quite moderate volumes, in itself no small achievement in these days of superabundant materials and equally superabundant partiality.

In truth, he was a man whose strength, and honesty, and excelling qualities of heart and head, must have carried him far in any calling, even the most unpromising. The same faithful diligence which inspired him as a child to propel the sack of nails which he could not carry foot by foot along the weary road till he reached his goal, in after life overcame a hundred difficulties and removed mountains of petty obstructions. Not perhaps very original or creative, certainly neither subtle nor artistic, he was a very forceful and notable man. As we leave the strong figure as it is depicted on the last page of these volumes, kneeling in effigy on his beautiful monument in Canterbury Cathedral, we feel that here, though his tenure was brief and he came to it an old man, is one of the memorable men in the long historic line of English Primates; we recognize more and more

His likeness to the wise below,
His kindred with the great of old.

The Spectator.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A series of volumes is to be published in England under the title of "Gleanings from Manuscripts," which will comprise poems and dramas of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries which have never yet been printed. These "Gleanings" will include works by many writers as yet unknown to fame, and also poems by well-known

authors which have not yet been collected or edited.

The old Scripture story of Rahab and the Hebrew spies, and the deliverance of the woman and her family from the destruction which overwhelmed Jericho, is the theme of Richard Burton's "Rahab," a drama in three acts. To

reclothe and to make real characters from so remote a past, and to avoid jarring modernisms of phrase is no easy task; and Dr. Burton has not altogether succeeded in it. But his conception is not wanting in imagination, and his style is dignified and forceful. The romantic elements which he has interwoven with the slender Scripture narrative add to the dramatic interest of the story. Henry Holt & Co.

Mr. Charles H. Barrows's volume entitled "The Personality of Jesus" grew out of an attempt which the author, who is not a professional theologian but a lawyer, made to present to a Bible-class such a view of the personality and character of Jesus as might be helpful in making Him more real. The successive chapters of this book follow the lines along which the author's attempt at instruction proceeded. They are freshly and strongly written, and deeply reverent. Whoever follows them to their conclusion will find them at once a vivid picture of the person of Christ, and a help to a closer spiritual communion with Him. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Dr. Edward Curtis's "Nature and Health" (Henry Holt & Co.) is accurately described by its sub-title as "a popular treatise on the hygiene of the person and the home." Its distinguishing characteristic is the homely quality known as common sense. The facts and principles familiar to the specialist and to the general medical practitioner, so far as they affect the simple functions of seeing, hearing, breathing, eating, drinking, sleeping, etc. are put in a form calculated to be of use to "the man in the street" and his household, and are moreover put so pungently that they can hardly fail of securing lodgment in the memory. The book is of a useful class and is of the best of its class.

"Elizabeth Montagu: The Queen of the Blue-Stockings" has been published by Mr. Murray in two illustrated volumes, edited by Mrs. Montagu's great-great-niece, Emily J. Climenson. In 1899 Mrs. Climenson came into possession of the whole of Mrs. Montagu's manuscripts, contained in 68 cases, holding from 100 to 150 letters in each. A large number are undated, which made the task of sorting very difficult. The fourth Baron Rokeby, who published two volumes of his aunt and adopted mother's letters in 1810, and two more in 1813—"made," says Mrs. Climenson, "a variety of mistakes as to the dates of the letters. I hope I have atoned for some of his deficiencies." Only the early life of Mrs. Montagu is presented in the present work, but Mrs. Climenson hopes to continue the narrative in subsequent volumes.

Under the attractive title "Hawaiian Yesterdays" Dr. Henry M. Lyman has gathered his recollections of a boyhood spent in the Hawaiian islands. Dr. Lyman is a doctor of medicine and not of theology, but his father was one of the American missionaries who went out to Hawaii to bring the natives to a knowledge of Christianity, and whose labors were attended with such remarkable results. Into this missionary household Dr. Lyman was born in 1835, and it is mostly of the period between that date and 1853 that he writes. His reminiscences are not dominated by any especially serious purpose, but they give a series of vivid pictures of native life and customs and of missionary activities in those early days. Dr. Lyman has the saving grace of humor which keeps him from dulness, and even the minor details of his informal narrative have a fascinating interest. There are numerous illustrations from paintings and photographs and two maps. A. C. McClurg & Co.